THE Injured Princeſs, OR THE Fatal Wager:

As it was Acted at the

Theater-Royal,

By His Majeſties Servants.

By *Tho. Durfey*, Gent.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *M. Magnes* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden*, near the *Piazza*. 1682.

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THE PROLOGUE.

OLd Plays like Miſtreſſes, long ſince enjoy'd,
Long after pleaſe, whom they before had cloy'd;
For Fancy chews the Cudd on paſt delight,
And cheats it ſelf to a new Appetite.
But then this ſecond Fit comes not ſo ſtrong,
Like ſecond Agues, neither fierce nor long:
What you have known before, grows ſooner ſtale,
And leſs provokes you, than an untold Tale.
That but refreſhes what before you knew,
But this diſcovers ſomething that is new;
Hence 'tis, that at new Plays you come ſo ſoon,
Like Bride-grooms, hot to go to Bed ere noon!
Or, if you are detain'd ſome little ſpace,
The ſtinking Footman's ſent to keep your place.
But, when a Play's reviv'd, you ſtay and dine,
And drink till three, and then come dropping in;
As Husband after abſence, wait all day,
And decently for Spouſe, till Bed-time ſtay!
So, ere the Brethren's liberal Fit was ſpent,
The firſt wiſe Nonconformiſt, *underwent*
With eaſe, and batten'd in Impriſonment.
For greater gains, his zeal refus'd the leſs;
Each day to him was worth a Dioceſs.
But he who now, in hopes of equal gain,
Will needs be Priſ'ner, tryes the Trick in vain;
He melts in durance half his Greaſe away,
To get, like us, poor twenty Pounds a day.

Drammatis.

SCENE

Luds-Town, alias *London*.

Cymbeline,	King of *Britain*.
Ursaces,	A noble Gentleman married to the Princess *Eugenia*.
Pisanio,	Confident and Friend to *Ursaces*.
Cloten,	A Fool, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
Jachimo,	A roaring drunken Lord, his Companion.
Silvio,	Another Companion.
Shattillion,	An opinionated *Frenchman*.
Beaupre, *Don Michael*,	His Friends.
Bellarius,	An old Courtier banish'd by *Cymbeline*.
Palladour, *Arviragus*,	Two young Princes, Sons to *Cymbeline*, bred up by *Bellarius* in a Cave as his own.
Lucius,	General to *Augustus Cæsar*.

Women.

The Queen,	
Eugenia,	The Princess.
Clarina,	Her Confident.
Sophronia, *Aurelia*,	Women, one to the Queen, the other to the Princess.

THE

THE Unequal Match; OR THE Fatal Wager.

ACT I.

Enter Urſaces, Eugenia *and* Piſanio, Clar. Lelia.

Piſan. HEll now has done its worſt; the meagre Furies have open'd all their Viols of black Maſice, and ſhed the utmoſt drop.—Is't poſſible! What Commiſſion from the King to ſeize and baniſh my deareſt Friend! Who would be good or vertuous if this be the reward! Can it be true?—What baniſh'd!

Eugen. Oh killing Sound! The greateſt pang of death is eaſie to this Torment.

Urſa. 'Tis my Fortune,
But Oh ye immortal Powers! what is my ſin,
To merit this thy worſt of puniſhments?

Eugen. If it be ſin to love, we are paſt mercy,
For never hearts were ſwell'd with that true paſſion,
As was *Urſaces* and *Eugenia's*.

Piſan. Hell ſwallow thee quick that cauſeſt this Separation.
Thou haſt the old man's Curſe; I hope 'twill ſpeed thee:
To weep is but in vain.

Urſa. My Queen, my Miſtreſs,
Stop theſe warm bubling Springs that melt my heart;
Thoſe Currents braver than the Wealth of *Ganges*,
Now flowing down the Roſie Fields of Beauty;

And listen to my Vow: I will continue
The truest Husband that ere plighted faith:
My Residence in *Gallia* at *Beauprè*'s;
My Father's Friend: Thither write my Soul,
And I will feed upon each Character,
And wear the Paper out with eager Kisses.
Eugen. So will I yours, with keeping in my bosom,
Here near my heart—O the sad thought of parting.
Ursa. It must be so.
Eugen. Nay stay a little longer:
Were you but riding out to take the Air,
Such parting were too slight—See here my Love,
This Diamond was my Mothers—wear it for me,
And keep it till you woo another Wife,
When poor *Eugenia*'s dead.
Ursa. Another Wife!
Why my best Life; Oh why that cruel word!
Another Wife! No, you supream Directors
Give me my own; let me enjoy but this,
And freeze up my Embraces of a next
With Death's cold Icicle.
Remain thou here while Sence can keep it on;
And Sweetest Dearest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our Trifles
I still [illegible] of you—for my sake wear this Bracelet:
It has a Charm 'gainst Levity and Jealousie;
'Twill keep me in your mind.
Eugen. It shall grow to me, and from my Arm
Never shall be separated—Ha, my Father!
When my *Ursacer* shall we meet again?
Ursa. When? Heaven can tell.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen and Train.*

Cym. Still dar'st thou with thy baseness wound my eyes:
Mechanick Wretch, lost both in birth and merit,
Can thy plum'd Insolence dare to soar so high,
As to contemn my Orders?
Ursa. Royal Sir,
Grace but my Story with a minutes audience.
Cym. Ha! Wouldst thou speak?
And shall I patient hear thy own dishonour,
Having yet bleeding Wounds new prob'd—What listen
To my Daughters Infamy? and shall a Vassal,
The Creature of my Charity, insolently dare
To stamp his plebeian Image on my Coyn,

Yet

Yet live untortur'd?—Oh ye Powers have patience!

Queen. Mercy, Sir, adds luſtre to a Crown;
'Tis loſt on ſtubborn minds.

Cym. Hence from my ſight:
If after the next dawn within my Kingdom,
Appears ſo vile a Creature as *Urſaces*,
That moment is thy laſt of Life—Away
Thou poyſon to my Bloud.

Urſa. Heaven keep your Majeſty,
And may your years and joys numerous as ſands,
Crowd happily upon you.
So poor Offenders trembling meet their doom,
Puniſh'd by death, yet fear a worſe to come. [*Exit.*

Eugen. So breaks the dear ſtrings of the panting heart,
When the lov'd life flyes from it—Oh—

Clarin. Was ever *Scythian* Cruelty like this,
Or long Divorce ſo bitter?

Cymb. Was ever King ſo wretched in his Off-ſpring,
Or ever careful Father curs'd as I?

Queen. Are you not mighty? Shall the lofty Oak
Stoop to the Shrub beneath it? No, rather root it up.
O that my Spirit lodg'd within your Boſom,
I would not counſel but command Obedience!

Eugen. Madam, I muſt believe you are my Step-mother,
Better known to me by that title than your Love.

Cymb. She is your Queen, whoſe Son you might have married,
Had wiſdom guided the unskilful youth:
Deſign'd to make thee happy.

Eugen. Happy?

Queen. Nay let her uſe her pleaſure:
A Jewel of true worth, exceeding luſtre,
Sure need not court the wearer; nor ſhall my Son,
By humble flattery ſooth her pride and vainneſs:
If as her Equal ſhe think fit to treat him,
My voice is his—but I'le have no Submiſſions.
But I ſhall court occaſion to conſider
This fly contempt—You ſhall know who I am.

Eugen. I do too well.

Cymb. Thou too well know'ſt thy ſhame, but from this moment
I charge thee on thy life nor ſhed a Tear,
Nor breath a Sigh—But entertain the Prince
As he deſerves, with the beſt face of Smiles:
Bury in black oblivion that low Fellow,
That exil'd Wretch *Urſaces*, forget for ever,
Or by the Gods of *Britain*, by my Crown,
And my Queens Love,
I'le caſt thee out a ſtranger to my Bloud,

And ne're remember that thou wert my Daughter. [*Exeunt* K. Q. G.

Clarin. There yet is comfort, could you calm this Paſſion:
Your Father may relent, your Lord return,
And you again be bleſt, a happy Princeſs.

Eugen. A Princeſs? O vain Title, and thou ingrate
To mock my bitter Woes with Quality,
The curs'd cauſe of my Grief—Ah wou'd I were
Some Shepherd's Daughter, and my dear *Orſaces*
The Darling of ſome neighb'ring Villager!
That through the flowery Meadows ſent him daily,
His Scrip well fill'd with ſtore of Ruſtick Viands,
To treat me under ſome old ſhady Oak,
The Monarch of the Grove: Then then ſhould I be happy;
There wou'd we look and ſmile, and talk and ſing,
And tell a hundred, hundred pretty Tales,
Vow laſting paſſions all the live-long day,
And ſigh, and kiſs the happy hours away.

Enter Piſanio.

Clarin. Here comes my Father.

Eugen. May all thy years, thou Parent of my Life,
Be long and happy, as thou bring'ſt me comfort.
How did my Lord ſupport this Separation?

Piſan. Like your Lord,
I kiſs'd his hand aboard, ſaw the hois'd Sails,
Stood on the ſhore, and view'd the rowling waves,
Then ſmooth as Youth, and mild as modeſt Vertue,
Courting his preſence—all the gentle winds
Were lodg'd in remote corners, ſoftly breezing,
To waft that Treaſure ſafely to the Port,
On which your Life depends.

Eugen. My Life indeed—But good old Sir,
Tell me (for there's a Theam of Truth lodg'd in that Face)
What was the laſt kind word he ſpoke of me?

Piſan. His Queen, his Wife, and then remov'd from ſhore.
Juſt as I left him,
I ſaw him claſp his hands, and kiſs your Ring.

Eugen. Senſleſs Jewel, happier far than I!
But could'ſt thou leave him ſo?—had I been there,
I would ha' broke my Eye-ſtrings, crack'd 'um,
And look'd after him till the diminution of ſpace
Had pointed him, ſharp as my Needle;
And when the envious diſtance barr'd my ſight
Of that bleſs'd Object, turn'd my eyes and wept.

Piſan. I could not ſtop that Tribute more than you,
What War could never force, mild Pity drew.

Eugen. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say, ere I cou'd tell him
How I would think of him at certain hours
Such thoughts, and such—ere I could make him swear,
The *Gallian* Beauties never should betray
My Interest, or his Honour, or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of Morn, or Noon, or Midnight,
To bless me with his Greeting: Or ere I could
Give him a parting Kiss, which I had set
Between two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the stubborn blast o'th' stormy North,
Nipp'd all my Buds from blowing.

Enter Lelia.

Lelia. Madam, Prince *Cloten*'s coming.
Eugen. I'le fly him as the Plague: My Lord, your Servant;
Alas, how poor a thing's a Fool of Quality! [*Exit.*
Pisan. Had Nature stamp'd all Women in this mould,
Our Sex had all been damn'd, attractive Love and Beauty
Had lull'd us to the Devil; we shou'd have doted so,
Self-murder must have followed,
And shown th' effect of too much Love and Jealousie.
But they are not all like this—This is a Creature
So good, I almost wonder that she lives:
Her Lord's a brave young man too, and when I prove
False to his merit, may I then be wretched.

Enter Cloten, Jachimo, *Attendants.*

Cloten. But to have six to four for 200 Guinies,
And lose, is damn'd luck, tho' by your favour, for a man
Of my quality, ha *Jachimo!* honest drunken Lord, is't not?
Jach. 'Twas indifferently hellish—the Devil had a paw in't,
That's certain.
But stay, how now, who's that?
Cloten. 'Ud so, 'tis my Lord *Pisanio*, and I'le lay a Wager sent Messenger to me from the Princess *Eugenia.*
Well, my Mother's a plaguy cunning Woman:
I, see she will make her marry me in spite of her. How now my Lord *Pisanio*, what News with you, umph?
My Lord *Jachimo*, prithee be wise now, and look soberly a little.
Jach. Never fear me man, I am sober as a Judge.
Cloten. And how does the Princess old Lord—ha—does she come about, does she relent, does she yet know the difference between Lord *Cloten*, and that mechanick banish'd Worm *Ursaces*?
Pisan. A Worm, my Lord?

Cloten. A Worm, my Lord, ay a Maggot, if compar'd to me; hang him, indigent Rascal, were there no other Reason, I hate him for his Poverty, for he's not worth a Groat, as poor as *Jobu*.

Jach. Jobu? Job, Job, my Lord, 'twas *Job* was the poor Rat.

Cloten. I say 'twas *Jobu*: Prithee *Jachimo* be silent, a Pox I wonder you will pretend to talk when you see you are drunk.

Jach. Mum, mum—I've done: But, my Lord, prithee ask him if he knows where we may find a sound Wench; he's a flauging old Whipster, I warrant him.

Pisan. The disease of Folly may be infectious, I'le be gone.

Cloten. Hark you my Lord, why in such hast—have you no message from the Princess?—umph——

Pisan. The Princess? Not I, my Lord.

Cloten. Not you, my Lord? and why so—may never look sow'r for the matter, Gad if you do, I'le be reveng'd, I'le tell you that the Queen shall know it; I'le not be affronted, not I, by ne're a State-Caterpillar in *Britain*; Gad any one that frowns at me is the Son of a Whore, and my Mother shall get him poyson'd.

Pisan. My Lord, I know nothing of your Affair; I beseech you make not my Age the Subject of your Anger; I am not fit to be privy in Love-matters; the Princess may be fond, dote, languish, nay die for you, but for my part I am ignorant.

Cloten. O may she so, Sir—dost hear that, *Jachimo?*

Jach. Oons, Pull off his Beard, confound his Whiskers; what does he prate?

Cloten. I thought she could not hold out long: Come *Jachimo*, thou and I will go and prepare a Serenade for her.

Jach. Let's put old *Dryboner* there upon a wooden Dromedary,
Carry him before her Window, and make him sing her a Song.

Cloten. Ha, ha, he! 'twould be rare sport faith; but hang him, we won't do him that honour: Come, come away. [*Exeunt singing.*

Pisan. That such a subtle Devil as his Mother
Should bring the World this Ass—this Ape of Mankind;
A Woman too that puts down all with Brain,
And over-reaching Plots, yet this great Fool her Son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen—Alas poor *Eugenia*, how I pity thee!
Now I'le to the King;
If I can, I'le serve thee; if not, with thee well. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen Aurelia, *and Ladies.*

Queen. There goes *Urfeir* Parasite; that old Fellow
Does me, my Son, and great Design, more mischief,
Than any now at Court. Well, what's to be done then?
When a Tree stands to hinder a good Prospect,
The only way's to fell it—he shall down,
His Fate is cast—*Aurelia.*

Aurel.

Aurel. Your Majesty.

Queen. Is the Doctor come yet?

Aurel. Not yet Madam, but expected every moment.

Queen. That Instrument of Fate I've brib'd to serve me;
He has strange poys'nous Drugs, whose mortal Quality
Hold deadly enmity with humane Life.
This being mine, I'le try the first effects
Upon this Lord, this Bar of my Ambition,
This foe to my Son's Greatness—where's *Eugenia*?

Aurel. The Princess, Madam?

Queen. Could you not answer me without that Title?
The Princess? you'll call her Queen ere long.

Aurel. Your Majesties Pardon; I know more of duty.

Queen. Has she been seen to day?

Aurel. Nor yesterday, Madam.
The twilight Bat that hates the meridian Sun,
Keeps not so close, her Window's are dam'd up,
And not a Creature suffer'd to come near her,
But her new Favourite *Clarinna*.

Queen. *Pisanio*'s Daughter?

Aurel. Yes, Madam.

Queen. Send one to tell him I wou'd speak with him. [*Exit Aur.*
They're plotting hourly, therefore 'tis fit Vengeance
Should be swift; for by *Pisanio*'s death,
My Son mounts one step higher towards the Throne.
The King is old, too old to share my heart,
And if he dies, *Eugenia* then is Queen:
But Queen of Shades she shall be ere that happen,
If she refuse the Marriage with my Son—
Vertue avant, thou Dream, thou airy Phantasm;
Had I been lowly born, I might have been
Thy Votary—but 'tis below a Queen.
Ambition's Vertue now, therefore be gone:
Cloten, For thee I'le cut through all Oppolers,
King, Husband, Daughter, Friend, I'le stop at none,
But on their bloudy Ruines build thy Throne.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Beaupre, Shattillion, *and* Don Michael.

Shatt. UPon my Honour, Sir, I have obſerv'd him in *Britain*; he was then of a declining fame, and not expected to reap the additional Honour Fortune has ſince bleſs'd him with: I could have look'd on him then, without the help of admiration, tho' the Catalogue of his Endowments had been tabl'd by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by Items.

Beaup. You ſpeak of him when he was much leſs accompliſh'd than now he is. Conſider, Sir, he was young, he was young.

D. Mich. I have ſeen him at *Madrid*, and am of opinion, we had many there that could behold the Sun with as firm eyes as he.

Shatt. This buſineſs of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he muſt be weigh'd by her youth and weakneſs, rather than his own value, ecchoes him, I doubt not, a great deal above his true worth.

D. Mich. And then his Baniſhment.

Shatt. I, and the approbation of thoſe that weep. This lamentable Divorce to comply with her, ſeem wonderfully to extend him: But I ſhall ſhortly be better inform'd; for I deſign a ſpeedy Journey to *Britain*, where perhaps I may ſpend the beſt part of this Summer.

D. Mich. If the Ladies there are to be won at this eaſie rate, your time, Sir, may not be altogether loſt.

Shatt. Why faith 'tis to be hop'd ſo; and for my encouragement, the Gentleman has giv'n us a good hint of the free Conſtitution of his Countrey. But how comes it, Sir, he is to ſojourn with you? Pray how creeps Acquaintance.

Beaup. His Father and I have commanded together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my Life: Here he comes; and pray let him be ſo eſteem'd among you, as ſuits with Gentlemen of your knowledge to a Stranger of his Quality—I beſeech you.

Enter Urſaces.

Be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble Friend of mine; how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

D. Mich. Sir, If my memory play not the Traitor with me, I think I had the honour of your Company once in *Spain*.

Urſa. Since when, Sir, I have been debtor to you for Courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ever.

D. Mich. Sir, You o're-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did attone my Countreyman and you; It had been pity you ſhould have been put together, with

with so mortal a purpose as then each other bore, about a business of so slight and trivial a nature.

Ursa. Sir, I was then but a young Traveller, and rather desir'd to be silent in what I heard, than to be guided by others Experiences; but upon my riper judgement (if I offend not to say it is riper) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

D. Mich. Faith, yes to be put to the Arbitrement of Swords, and by two such that would by all likelihood have disabl'd one the other, or have fall'n both.

Shatt. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

D. Mich. Safely I think: 'Twas a Contention in publick about the praise of our Countrey-Mistresses; this Gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloud affirmation, his to be more fair, vertuous, wise, chast, constant, qualifi'd, and less contemptible, than any the rarest of our *Spanish* Ladies.

Shatt. That Lady is not living now sure, or this Gentleman's Opinion by this worn out.

Ursa. Sir, She holds her Vertue still, as I my Mind.

Shatt. You must not so far prefer her before ours of *Gallia.*

Ursa. Being so far provok'd as I was at *Madrid*, I wou'd diminish nothing, tho' I professs my self her Adorer, not her Friend.

Shatt. Methinks as fair, and as good, a kind of hand in hand Comparison were somewhat too good for any Lady in *Britany*; for as that Diamond of yours there outshines some I have seen, so perhaps may she; but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady Sir.

Ursa. I prais'd her as I rated her, so do I my Jewel.

Shatt. What do you esteem it at?

Ursa. More than the World enjoys.

Shatt. Then it must of necessity follow, that your unparalell'd Mistress is outpriz'd by a Trifle.

Ursa. You are mistaken: 'Tis possible one may be sold or giv'n, if there were Wealth enough for the Purchase, or Merit for the Gift; the other is not a thing for Sale, and only the Gift of Heaven.

Shatt. Which Heav'n has given you.

Ursa. Yes, and which with its leave I will keep.

Shatt. In secure Opinion, the contented blessing of the Wise. 'Tis true, you may; but you know, Sir, Strange Fowl light upon neighb'ring Ponds; your Ring may be stoll'n too, and so your brace of unprizable Estimations be lost; the one being frail, and the other casual, a cunning Thief, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Ursa. Your *Gallia* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier, to my knowledge; If in point of Constancy you term my Mistress frail; I doubt not but you may have store of Thieves, but yet I fear not my Ring.

Shatt. Thieves in Love, Sir; we are for the pleasant way of Larceny.

Ursa. Ay 'tis well you steal Love, your Rhetorick else would hardly promote you higher than the Intrigue of a Shepherd's Daughter.

Beaup. Come enough of this Gentlemen; pray let's leave here.

Ursa. Sir, With all my heart: This worthy Monsieur, I thank him, makes no Strangers of me; we are familiar at first sight.

Shatt. With five times so much Rhetorick I should get ground of your fair Mistress, nay perhaps make her go back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to befriend me.

Ursa. No, no.

Shatt. Come, I'le make a bold Proposition: I will lay the Moiety of my Estate to your Ring, which in my opinion overvalues it something—that I can win your Lady; I make this Wager now rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation; and to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

Ursa. Come Sir, you abuse your self, and wou'd, I doubt not, sustain what you deserve by such an Attempt.

Shatt. What's that?

Ursa. Why a shameful repulse, tho' your attempt deserves more a punishment too.

Shatt. As how Sir?

Ursa. To have your Nose slit cross, your sland'rous Tongue pull'd out by the roots, torn, mangl'd, cut to atomes, and blown like common filth into the Air.

Shatt. And who should do this?

Ursa. I, were I concern'd: Come, Sir, hold your Tongue, or by Heaven I shall——

Shatt. What a sleepy *Britain?*—I'le try that. } *Both offer to draw.*

Beaup. Hold Gentlemen, and as you are my Friends forbear; there has been too much said—it came in suddenly, let it die as it was born, I beseech you be reconcil'd.

D. Mich. The Gentleman was a little too free in language.

Shatt. Mor dieu, Would I had my Estate and my Friend's, on confirmation of what I speak.

Ursa. That you would win my Lady?

Shatt. Yours to choose, who in Constancy, you think, stands so fair—Come Sir, let us lay by this petty Brawl; I will lay you 10000 Duckats to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, and with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second Conference, I will bring from thence that Honour of hers which you imagine so reserv'd.

Ursa. I will wage Gold against your Gold; my Ring I hold as dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Shatt. Oh you are a great Courtier Sir, and know that to buy Ladies Flesh at millions a dram is cheap, tho' you cannot keep it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you that you fear.

Ursa. Faith, I fear Religion much more than your Prowess: And now to reclaim your vanity, let there be Covenants drawn between us, and I will accept your Wager. Come now, I dare you to't; there's my Ring. [*Gives it* Beaupre.

Shatt. 'Tis done.

Beaup. I will have it no Lay.

Shatt.

Shatt. By the Gods 'tis one. If I bring you not sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress, my 10000 Duckats are yours, so is your Diamond too; but if I thrive in my Enterprize, this your Jewel is mine, provided I have a Letter of Recommendation for my better Entertainment.

Ursa. I embrace the Conditions; only thus far you shall answer: If you attempt her, and give direct proof you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth a Quarrel; but if she remain chast, you not making it appear otherwise; then for the ill Opinion, and the Assault you have made to her Chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Shatt. Your Hand—my Honour on't—I'le fetch my Gold, have our two Wagers recorded, and then away for *Britain.*
And if I lose, I must prove dumb or blind;

Ursa. If win, there is no Hell like Womankind. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Enter behind Cymbeline, Queen, *a Purse*, Pisanio, Doctor *and* Guards, *a Viol, Mrs.* Holten, Sue.

Cym. NOt seen, nor to be spoke with?
Queen. She's too haughty,
And since the exile of her abject Minion,
Proves a stranger both to Manners and Obedience.

Cym. She shall be forc'd to Duty.
What disobey her Father, slight her Queen?
Now by the awful Powers that sway the Heavens,
Paternal Love and Mildness I disclaim,
And as a Corrasive to my sick heart,
Hold her for ever.

Pisan. Please your Majesty.

Cym. Pisanio, do not speak.
I have with watchful eye observ'd thy actions,
Oft prob'd thy heart, and found it still corrupted,
Still link'd and fetter'd to that banish'd Fellow,
Maugre our strict Commands, and deep Resentments.
Why dost thou shame thy Age, and smile upon us?
Bend low thy knees as loyal, that art known
A Rebel to our Peace—Come, this is not well,

Pisan. Royal Sir, and my most honour'd Master,
In whose blest favour I was ever happy,

Whom I have lov'd from my hearts core, obey'd with joy,
As King, and Genius of the War, followed through death,
And as a God ador'd for Clemency.
Queen. O smooth-tongu'd Vice, O Flatterer! [*Aside to the King.*
Pisan. Brand not your poor old Souldier, I beseech you,
With breach of Loyalty. I rebel to your Peace?
These Cheeks that have been furrow'd in your Service?
This Body scarr'd with wounds; these low sunk Tapers
Now dully shining in their wither'd Sockets,
And spent with watching in cold Winter Camps,
Have still been careful to preserve your Peace,
Not to disturb it. How then am I a Rebel?
Plebeian Sound it freezes all my bloud,
And adds a sharper Winter to my Age.
Queen. The silver Hairs that grace thy Reverend Head,
Should grow in Wisdoms Soyl, thou shouldst be
Loyal: But who can tell a Murderer by his Face,
Or know when Treason's candi'd o're with Vertue?
'Tis said you love *Ursaces*, wish him King,
In hopes to make your self and Daughter mighty:
But these are but Reports, and claim small credit.
Pisan. Slanders, hellish Slanders.
The poys'nous Bite of some detracting Villain,
That thinks my glass of Life has run too long:
So may my better part, my immortal Soul,
That guides the Orders of this aged Body,
And dignifies it from the sordid Bruit,
Return to its first Seat, its primitive Glory,
As I have always wish'd my Soveraign's Life,
And oft with hazard of my own defended it.
'Tis true I love *Ursaces*.
Queen. Ha, mind that Sir!
Cymb. You love him then, and tho' your enervate power
Dare not oppose our rage, you wish him well.
Pisan. As he deserves Sir, modestly I think.
His Vertues merit some small approbation;
He's honest, valiant, and what's more, judicious;
Wise to his Youth, and temperate to his Judgement.
Bounce remember Sir, when the great *Cassibelan*
Sent me against the stubborn *Gambria* Rebels,
Then up in Arms, headed by old *Bellarius*,
At *Milford-haven*, I took *Ursaces* with me,
Who tho' a beardless Boy of 16 years,
Show'd many signal proofs of manly Valour,
Flesh'd his young Arm, and dy'd his virgin Sword,
In the best bloud of your proud Enemies.
This was some proof of Vertue, and deserves
Sure some applause.

Queen.

Queen. He was rewarded for it.
His Majesty heap'd daily favours on him,
Bless'd him with smiles, and gave him the permission
Like a young Bird to wanton in his shine,
And grow even till he grew insolent,
And like a Bruit,
Sullied the Royal Spring that quench'd his thirst.
Pisan. The Bonds of Love and Nature.
Cym. Speak no more.
Upon thy Life no more in his defence.
Rash headlong Fool—how dar'st thou shock my will,
Or stand betwixt his sentence and my power?
Your service past pleads for you; but a second Crime
Of this curs'd nature rends thee from my Clemency. [*Exit.*
Queen. My Lord, You were to blame t'enrage the King,
With lavish praise of that desertless Exile:
But be not troubled, I will appear your Friend,
And stand between his anger and your fault.
Doctor, a word; my Lord, for a time leave us.
Pisan. Thank your Majesty.
She's kind o'th' sudden, pray Heaven it portend good:
Such Flashes from her, like Etherial fire,
Are followed with a Thunder-bolt; I must be watchful. [*Exit.*
Queen. Yes, I will stand thy Friend, and such a one,
As fire to Cities, kindl'd by some Traitors;
Or the long-wing'd Hawk, to the weak prey she trusses.
Now, Doctor, have you brought the Drugs?
Doctor. They are here, Madam.
Queen. Well, there's your reward: Lock up your lips with the Key of
Secresie; whatever thou know'st, say nothing;
Do this; I'le load thy merit richly, move the King
To any shape for thy preferment: fare thee well;
Be faithful, then be great, thou hast my power. [*Exeunt.*
Doctor. That is, be a Rogue, and thrive; no Idol Greatness,
Thou guilded Pill, swallow'd by many thousands,
Ne're shalt thou infect my honesty.—She thinks she has
Strange lingring poyson; but I well knew her spirit,
And wou'd not trust one of her malice with a Drug
Of that damn'd nature: Those she has
Will stupifie and dull the sence a while,
And seemingly destroy; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a while,
To be more fresh reviving.—She is gull'd
With a most false Effect, and I the truer,
Hindring her black design with honesty. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Eugenia *and* Clarinna.

Eugen. AH cruel Father, and a bloudy Queen!
Step-mother to my hopes as well as person,
A dull Fop Suitor to a wedded Lady,
That has her Husband baniſh'd. Can there be
A tide of woe like this—yet life to bear it?

Enter Lelia.

Lelia. Madam, A Gentleman new arriv'd from *Gallia*,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Eugen. What doſt thou ſay, thy Lord? ſpeak, ſpeak again:
Oh thou art tedious! Said'ſt thou, from thy Lord?

Lelia. Yes, Madam, and with Letters.

Eugen. Fly to conduct him; be thy nimble ſpeed
Swifter than Winds, or the Suns race—away. [*Exit* Lelia.
Now my *Clarinna*, now my deareſt Lord,
Remembers his poor Wife: Oh my full heart!

Enter Lelia *with* Shattillion, *a Letter.*

Shatt. Madam, The brave *Urſaces* is in ſafety,
And thus ſalutes your Highneſs. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Eugen. Moſt worthy Sir, You are the happieſt Meſſenger
That ever Lady wiſh'd for—my dear *Clarinna*:
See all the doors be lock'd, leſt the Queen
Come and diſturb us. *Exit* Clar.

Shatt. I am proud to do you ſervice; here are Letters.

Eugen. The Index of my joy—I know the Hand:
For learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer
That knew the Stars, as I his Character.
Wax, by your leave, (Oh be you ever bleſs'd!)
You pretty Bees, that make theſe locks of Counſel;
Bankrupts and Lovers have not equal prayers. [*Reads.*

Shatt. All outwardly ſeems moſt Angelical:
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone the Phenix of the World,
And I have loſt my Wager.—Boldneſs befriend me;
Arm me Audacity from head to foot,
Or like the *Parthians* I ſhall flying fight,
And never keep my ground.

Eug.

Eug. (Reads aloud.)
He is one of the nobleſt Note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely bound;
Reflect upon him accordingly as you value your *Urſaces.*
So far I read aloud; but even the life-bloud
Of my heart is warm'd by the reſt—Noble Sir,
The worth my Lord writes of you, ſhows your value.
Pray command here; you're welcome, Sir, to *Britain.*
Shatt. Your Highneſs too much honours me:
Now to begin the Game, aſſiſt me Cunning. [*Aſide.*
Has Nature giv'n 'em eyes,
To ſee yon ſpangl'd Sky, and the rich crop
Of Sea and Land? Can they diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The Planetary Orbs, and th' numerous Pebbles
Upon the hungry Beach? and can they not,
Guided by humane Reaſon, make diſtinction
'Twixt fair and foul?
Eugen. What makes your admiration?
Shatt. Oh curſed luſt!
Thou horrid, old, blind Devil of the fleſh,
Why do men ſuffer thee to dam their Reaſon?
Eugen. This is ſtrange.—What's the matter, Sir? Continues
My Lord in health? Indeed you make me fear.
Shatt. He's well, Madam.
Eugen. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Shatt. Exceeding pleaſant, not a Stranger there:
So gay and frollickſom.—He is nick-nam'd,
The Britain Reveller.
Eugen. When he was here, he did incline to ſadneſs,
And oftentimes not knowing why.
Shatt. It ſeems then our ſharp Air has cur'd him.
For my part I never ſaw him ſad:
There's an *Italian*, his aſſociate one,
An eminent Signieur, that has lately wedded
A plump young *Bona Roba*, and when he ſpeaks
Of Conſtancy in Love, the roving *Britain*,
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from free Lungs, cryes, Oh
Can my Sides hold, to think that man, who knows
What Woman is, how looſe and how imperfect,
Shou'd throw away a thought on ſuch a trifle!
Eug. Will my Lord ſay ſo? Pray ſpeak.
Shatt. Oh often, Madam!
And with his eyes flowing in tears of laughter.
It is a kind of ſport, faith, to be by,
And hear him mock the *Dotian.*
But Heaven knows, ſome men are much to blame.
Eug. Not he, I hope.
Shatt. Not he?

Eug.

Eug. Nay, there is more in this, that cold Assertion,
Attended with a careless carriage, shows
You speak not what you think; my Lord, I fear,
Bless'd with the *Gallian* Beauties, forgets *Britain*.

Shatt. Oh gracious Heaven! why dost thou show'r down blessings
Upon unthankful man, that hourly slights 'em,
And like the lavish hand of hood-wink'd chance,
Throw all to th' fool, and let the learn'd, wise and vertuous,
Pine out a miserable life in poverty?

Eug. This still is from the matter; I beseech you, Sir,
What is't creates your wonder?

Shatt. Something that moves my pity too.

Eug. Who do you pity, Sir?

Shatt. Two Creatures heartily.

Eug. Pray Heaven it reach not hither: Am I one, Sir?

Shatt. The more my Plague to know it you are one.

Eug. How can I merit pity, my Lord being well,
As by this Letter I have proof he is?
The meaning of all this.

Shatt. The meaning's fatal: Gods, Had I this Cheek
To bathe my Lips upon; this Hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch wou'd force the feeler's Soul
To th' Oath of Constancy; this Object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of the Eye,
Fixing it only here: Shou'd I, damn'd then,
Oh double damn'd, if ever so Apostate
Mingle with Lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capital.

Eug. Hah!

Shatt. Clasp Bodies plagued with all the pains
That Infamy can lend Nature: Swear, an Eye
Base, dead and glimmering as the smoaky Taper,
More bright than yours that lights that World of Beauty.
Shou'd I swear this, 'twere fit all Plagues of Hell
Shou'd bribe my Perjury.

Eug. Why has my Lord, has my *Urfaces* sworn this?

Shatt. I wou'd he had not.
Had I not heard it, he has so fair an outside,
Belief cou'd not have enter'd me.

Eug. Oh misery!

Shatt. Unhappy I that tell you this sad Story:
But Heaven knows my just and good design;
I cou'd not see you wrong'd, and keep you ignorant.

Eug. Then is there nothing in Mankind but Vice?
No Faith, no Honour. Ye swift-footed hour,
Ye silent Witnesses of my true passion,
Call back his Oaths: How often has he sworn
To be for ever constant?

Shatt.

Shatt. Oh he will swear extreamly!
He takes a kind of pleasure to be perjur'd.
Eug. And will he kiss those Creatures?
Shatt. Kiss 'um, Madam?
Alas, wou'd that were all! there's no great fault in kissing.
Eug. Let me hear no more; be dumb to th'rest for ever.
Shatt. I know he hates ye; he has almost own'd as much:
When sir'd with Wine and Lust, he told your fondness
In sport to his new Mistress.
Eug. Oh hellish Act! Oh curs'd Ingratitude!
Shatt. I swear, your sad Misfortunes strike a heart
That here vows to your service: Be reveng'd, Madam,
The way is easie.
Eug. Reveng'd? Alas how shou'd I!
Unless upon my self, by sighs and weepings,
For loving that false man.
Shatt. Another way
Courts your acceptance.
Eug. How Sir?
Shatt. 'Tis the secret'st and the sweetest way:
I dedicate my self thus to your pleasure;
Thus pay my adoration to your Beauty:
I am a man born nobler than *Ursaces*,
As young, as vigorous, and far more constant,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close and sure.
Eug. Oh Heaven! Is't possible? And will you love me too?
Shatt. Love thee?—I, better than my Soul:
Were I assur'd of celestial Joys,
Long as its Immortality love thee.
The tender Mother loves not her first-born,
The Poet Fame, or the sick Youth his health,
With half that zeal.—Kind Fate, she comes, she yields:
Oh glorious Conquest!—Let me seal my Passion
Upon thy snowy hands transported, then rove higher,
And ransack this white Magazine of Beauty.
Here I shall find.
Eug. That which thou meritest, Death. [*Offers a Dagger at him.*
Detested Wretch, practis'd in Villany,
How I condemn my credulous Ears that have
So long been Traitors? Wert thou honourable,
Thou wou'dst have told me this for Vertues sake,
And not for such base Ends.
Who's there, *Clarina*?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of this presumption, and by punishment,
Equal to the Crime, reward thy brutal folly.

Shatt. 'D's heart, this won't do. I must shift quickly, or I'me ruin'd.
Give me your gracious pardon:
What I have spoke was by your Lord's Command,
To try your Constancy, and find if distance
Cou'd play the Traitor with your faith and memory.
Which now I know unshook'd, and shall acquaint him.

Eug. Can this be true? Cou'd my Lord doubt me then?

Shatt. Alas you know, Madam, fierce Loves have still some jealousie!
He is a man of that clear equal temper,
That he inchants Societies unto him;
He sits amongst 'um like a descended God;
He has a kind of Grandeur sets him off,
More than a Mortal seeming. Be not angry then,
Oh chastest of thy kind! that I have adventur'd
To try your Vertue by a false Report,
Being oblig'd by Oath, and my design so honest.

Eug. I'me satisfied; you appear clear again:
Pray use my Power i'th' Court.

Shatt. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
To entreat your Highness in a small Request,
And yet of moment too; for it concerns
Your Lord, my self, and other noble Friends,
That share in the design.

Eug. Pray what is't?

Shatt. A dozen of us Gentlemen, and your Lord,
The best feather of our Wing, have mingled Sums,
To buy a Present for the *Roman* Emperor;
Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done in *Britain* here:
'Tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their value's great,
And I am something curious, being a Stranger,
To have them in safe custody: May it please ye
To take 'um in protection?

Eug. Willingly.
Since 'tis my Lord's Concern, I'le have 'um kept
Here in my Apartment.

Shatt. They are in a Chest,
Attended by my Men; I will presume
To send them to ye, only for this night,
I must aboard to morrow.

Eug. So soon?

Shatt. Indeed I must.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord by writing, do it to night;
For I've outstay'd the time that is materiel
To th' tender of our Present.

Eug. I'le instantly about it.

Send

Send your Cheſt to me, I'le take care of it,
And ſee it ſafe return'd.
Shatt. Your Highneſs faithful Servant. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen, Piſanio, *and Attendants.* *A Viol.*

Queen. 'Twas but a guſt of Paſſion in the King,
That like a ruffling Storm ſhakes the tall Grove,
Yet in a moment's gone, and all is calm.
Piſan. I am much a debtor to your Majeſty.
Queen. Beſides you ſhou'd conſider he is old,
Peeviſh with ſickneſs, ſcarce had liv'd till now,
But for theſe Helps of Nature, this rich Cordial,
Which I have made through providence to help him:
This Glaſs is worth a Kingdom to the Sick;
I give it thee *Piſanio*, I give it as an Earneſt
Of future favour; when thou art ill, drink this,
'Twill conquer the Diſeaſe, nay tho' given o're
By all Phyſicians, 'twill renew thy health.
Piſan. Your Majeſty's too gracious; but like the Sun,
Diſplay your beams, and ſhed your kindly bleſſings
Upon a wither'd ſtump that cannot grow,
Tho' you can influence; this rich Cordial,
Tho' of this heavenly nature, can but add
A minute more to th' ſnuff of my life's Taper,
That yet muſt out at laſt.
Queen. We all muſt die, my Lord:
But 'tis no harm ſure to prolong a life,
When living we do well; therefore preſerve it,
'Tis worth your care.—The King's in bed; good night,
My Lord.
Piſan. Bleſſings ſtill crown your Majeſty.
Queen. On him or *Eugenia*; if it work, I'me happy. [*Exit.*
Piſan. There is a myſtery in her late of Favours,
Heaven will not let me know: She always hated me,
'Cauſe I miſlik'd her Son, yet now ſhow'rs down
All Kindneſſes, commends me to the King, takes care
Of my health, and gives me here a Cordial to preſerve it.
But why may not all this be as a hook and bait,
To get me from my Element of Honeſty?
Hah, it is, it muſt, I have it! Hah! beware then,
And tho' in Smile, ſhow thou lov'ſt *Urſaces*,
That good, that brave young man; I wiſh *Eugenia*
Deſerve him; I have ſome fears I ſaw a Stranger,
A tall, hot-blooded, fluttering Fellow,
An hour ago, ſtrutting from her Apartment,
And as he went, the perfum'd *Pulvillio* left a ſcent behind him,

Enough to choak a Civet-Cat: I always thought her innocent,
Pray Heaven she prove so; for if the Woman's
Fickle Devil once seize her,
Like a huge Stone she rowls the steepy Hill,
Not to be stopp'd by Conscience, Force, or Skill. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Discovers Eugenia *in Bed; a Lady waiting; a Chest standing by.*

Eugen. WHo's there—*Clarina?*
Clarin. Yes, Madam.
Eugen. What hour is't my Dear?
Clarin. Past Twelve above a quarter.
Eugen. I have read three hours then.
My Eyes are weak;
Pray then go to Bed:
Indeed I trouble you; but leave the Candle burning,
And if thou think'st on't, bid my Woman call me
At five a Clock: Good night, Sleep seizes me; [*Sleeps.*
To thy protection I commend me Heaven. [*Exit* Clar.

Enter Shattillion *from the Chest; a Table-book.*

Shatt. All's still as Death, and hush'd as Midnight silence:
Now the Crickets sing, and mortal wearied Sense
Repairs it self by rest. Lewd *Tarquin* thus
Did softly tread and tremble, ere he wak'ned
The Chastity he wounded. Oh Soul of Beauty!
Sure none but I cou'd see thee thus, and leave thee
Thus in this lovely posture. But no more;
I've other business. Chill all my Blood,
Ye Powers, and make me cold to her Allurements:
This is no loving minute; Come, to my design.
To note the Chamber: Here I'le write all down;
Such and such Pictures; there the Window; such
The adornment of her Bed; the Arras Figures:
Why such, and such, and the Contents o'th' Story.
Ay but some natural Notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Witnesses,
Won'd testifie to enrich my Inventory.
What's there, a Bracelet on her Arm? 'Tis so.
Now sleep thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her;

She stirs, and he starts back.

And

And be her Senſe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappel lying. Fortune befriend me;
'Tis mine, and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the Conſcience does within,
To th' torture of her Lord: On her left Breaſt,
A Mole Cinque, ſpotted like the Crimſon drops
In the bottom of a Cowſlip: Here's a Voucher
Stronger than ever Law cou'd make; this Secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the Lock, and ſtoll'n
The Treaſure of her Honour. No, now I have enough:
To th' Cheſt agen.
Swift, ſwift ye Dragons of the Night; lov'd *Phoſpher*,
Return the welcome day, I lodge in fear,
Tho' there's a heavenly Angel, Hell is here. [*Gets into the Cheſt.*

Enter Cloten, Gentlemen, Silvio, Muſicians *and* Dancers.

Clot. I Gad this damn'd Armour is plaguy troubleſom:
Does it become *Florio?* Hah! Do I look like one
That cou'd ſlay my ten thouſand in a morning, and
Never ſweat for't? Have I the ſow'r Look of a Heroe?
Silvio. Your Look will cauſe more wonder than fear, my Lord; you are too young to be very terrible.
Clot. Nay I know I ſhou'd look more like a Warrier,
If I were not ſo handſom; Pox on't, I have
Look'd ſo clear ever ſince I took Phyſick laſt,
That Gad I'me afraid people begin to think I paint.
Silvio. They often look ſmiling on you, I confeſs.
Clot. Come, begin then, firſt play and then ſing; you ſhall
Charm her with your Fingers, and you with your Tongue,
Whilſt I, God *Mars*, brandiſh my Weapon; and if
Tonguing, fingering and fighting, don't pleaſe her,
The Devil's in her.

Flutes and a Song here; a Lady looks out.

Lelia. My Lady is riſing Sir, ſhe hears your Muſick.
Clot. Ud ſo, ſhe peeps through the Window yonder now.
The Dance, the Dance.

Enter Eugenia *and* Clarina.

She comes; away all and leave me to her. [*Exeunt.*
Good morrow to the radiant Queen of Beauty;
Fierce *Mars* in Field with Sword and Shield yields
Thee the time o'th' day.
Eugen. I am covetous of thanks Sir, and ſcarce can ſpare 'um.

Clot.

Clot. Gad that's a little morose tho', to a Deity of my Valour and Quality.

Eugen. It suits my Humour Sir: but pray why thus in Armour? You amongst all men in my opinion,
Need not Burlesque your self.

Clot. Burlesque? Now she mauls me with her hard words. Madam, I love and honour you in plain terms; pray
Give your consent, and let's be married; your Heroes hate delays.

Eugen. Married, what to such a Figure?

Clot. Figure? Why I'me a Lord, and the Queen's my Mother,
As inconsiderable a Figure as you make me; Gads, that's
More than a banish'd Fellow of your Acquaintance can
Pretend to, since you go to that.

Eugen. That banish'd Fellow is a God, when ballanc'd
With your weak merit; I swear his meanest
Garment that ever touch'd his Body, is more dear to me
Than the life's service of a hundred *Cloten's*.

Clot. His Garment? A Plague, what his Shirt?

Eugen. Hah! my Bracelet lost, my dear *Lelia?*
Run to my Woman instantly.

Clot. His Garment did you say?

Eugen. I am sprighted with a Fool, frighted and anger'd worse:
Bid her, *Clarina*, search for a Bracelet, that too
Casually hath left my Arm;
I wou'd not lose it for a King's Revenue;
I think I saw't this morning; sure I am,
Last night 'twas on my Arm, I kiss'd it;
I hope it is not gone to tell my Lord,
That I kiss ought but him. [*Exit* Clar.

Clot. His Shirt, what his contaminated Shirt,
Preferr'd before my Service? I'le be reveng'd;
I'le not take this; by *Jove*, I'le tell your Father. [*Exit* Clot.

Eugen. Daily to live thus tortur'd by this Fool,
Is double misery; therefore I'me now resolv'd
To free my self: The way is thus contriv'd;
I'le steal from Court in a disguise; *Pisanio*
I know will stand my Friend through his Life's hazard,
And never shrink at danger: This once done,
With joy I'le meet my deareſt Lord in Exile,
Feed him with Love, and sweeten all his Cares
With soft Embraces; then each happy night,
Fancy a Palace of a poor Retreat,
And slight the inconstant Glories of the Great. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE II.

Enter Urſaces *and* Beaupre.

Beau. WEll, my brave Friend, what think you of your Wager? *Shattillion* muſt by this be coming back.

Urſa. A Coxcomb as he went. Ha, ha! Wou'd I were
As certain to win the King agen, as I am
Confirm'd—her Honour is ſecure.

Beau. Hear you no News to day?

Urſa. Not I: Have you any?

Beau. Yes, and of moment: I was juſt now inform'd,
That *Caius Lucius*, ſent by great *Auguſtus*,
Is going with an Embaſſy to *Britain*,
Commiſſion'd to demand retarded Tribute,
And I fear,
Your King will ſooner gratifie his Meſſage,
Than enrage our warlike *Romans*, whoſe
Late Conqueſt lives yet freſh in his memory.

Urſa. I am not of your mind, but rather do believe,
(States-man though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a War.

Enter Shattillion.

Beau. By all that's good, *Shattillion*.—See Sir.

Urſa. The ſwifteſt Racers poſted you by Land,
And Winds in all the corners kiſs'd your Sails,
To make your Veſſel nimble.

Beau. Welcome Sir.

Urſa. I hope the briefneſs of your Anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your Return.

Shatt. Your Lady, Sir,
Is faith the faireſt that I ever look'd on.

Urſa. And therewithal the beſt, or elſe her
Beauty is but a ſhadow, or like a painted
Tulip, for nothing good but ſhow.

Shatt. Here are Letters for ye.

Urſa. Their tenure good, I truſt. [*Urſa. reads.*

Shatt. 'Tis very likely.——

Beau. Is *Caius Lucius*, Ambaſſador from the
Emperor, expected yet in *Britain*?

Shatt. He was talk'd of—but I had other buſineſs
There than to mind News.

Urſa.

Ursa. All is well yet.
Sparkles that Stone as it was wont Sir, or is it
Too dull for you to wear?
Shatt. If I had lost it,
I shou'd have lost the worth of it in Gold;
But I'le make a Journey twice as far,
T'Enjoy a night of such sweet shortness,
As was mine in *Britain*.—Sir, the Ring
Is won.
Ursa. The Stone's too hard to come by.
Shatt. Not at all, your Lady being so easie.
Ursa. Why sure you will be wiser than to make
Your loss your sport; I hope you know Sir, we
Must not continue Friends.
Shatt. Faith Sir, we must,
If you keep Covenant, had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess my self the winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you at all, having proceeded
But by Agreement.
Ursa. If you can make't appear
You have enjoy'd her in her Bed, my Hand and
Ring is yours; if not, my Sword must right the
Wrong done to her Chastity.
Shatt. Chastity? ha, ha!
Ursa. Ha, ha! Why is her sacred part become so tainted,
That 'tis but worth your Fleer?
Shatt. I am sorry to confess it, Sir.
Ursa. Devils and Hell—Confess it?—Come, be
Brief your Story.
Shatt. First, her Bed-chamber;
Where I confess I slept not, for she gave me
That which was well worth watching; it was hang'd
With Tapestry of Silk and Silver; the Story
Was the Meeting of th' *Egyptian* Queen and
Anthony, when *Cidnus* swell'd above the Banks
For pride, to bear that glorious Heroe
And his Mistress, that gave the World
For Love.
Ursa. This is nothing;
Ev'ry paltry, or any other ask'd,
Might tell you thus much.
Shatt. More Particulars
Shall justifie my Knowledge.
Ursa. So they must,
Or do your Credit injury.

Shatt.

Shatt. The Chimney—
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-
Piece *Diana* bathing:—Never saw I
Figures so nearly drawn to Nature;
The skilful Painter had even outdone
The Life, so excellent was his dumb Poetry.
Ursa. And what of this?
Let it be granted what you say is true,
And praise be given to your Remembrance:
Th' Description of what is in her Chamber,
Must not save the Wager you have laid.—
Shatt. Must it not? Then if you can be pale,
I beg your leave to air this Jewel.—See
And presto,—now 'tis up agen; it must be married
There to your Diamond; I beg your pardon, Sir, that
I play the Jugler with you.
Ursa. *Jove*—Is it that I gave her? 'Tis impossible:
Pray once more let me see it.
I swear, the very same.
The Bracelet that I gave her at our parting,
And dam'd her with an Oath to keep for ever;
'Tis that, it must, nay now I know 'tis that,—
Shatt. Yes, Sir, 'tis that, the very that, I thank her,
She took it from her Arm, methinks I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsel her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
Then smiling, sigh'd and said, she priz'd it once.
Ursa. May be she pluck'd it off to send it me.
Shatt. She writes so to ye, does she?
Ursa. Death and Hell! There's no truth,
Where there is Beauty; the seeming modest face
Lyes even at the Altar and at Prayers;
Honour and Love in that false Sex are nothing;
Profit still breaks their Vows, and Lust their Constancy;
Pride dams their Beauty, Perjury their Souls.
Beau. Have patience, Sir:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows but one of her Women being corrupted,
May steal it from her.
Ursa. Very true.
And so I hope he came by't. Render me, Sir,
Some noted Mark, some corporal Sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stoll'n.
Shatt. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her Arm.
Ursa. Hark you, he swears, by *Jupiter* he swears,
Binds the salacious Villany by Oath,
And never blushes for't. Oh Hell of Impudence!

Is there a Fury hot as Womankind?
By the Fiends there is not.
Take it, for thou hast won, I swear thou hast,
And the most fulsom way; for well I know
She cou'd not lose it; her Attendants are
All sworn and honourable, they induc'd to steal it,
And for a Stranger; no, he has enjoy'd her.

Beau. Good Sir, be calm, you may be yet deceiv'd.

Shatt. For further satisfying, under her left Breast,
Worthy my pressing, lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging; by my Life
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed agen, though full. You may perhaps, Sir,
Remember this Stain upon her.

Ursa. I, and it confirms
Another Stain, big as the dismal Cause,
Where Devils freeze and burn. Say on, what more?

Shatt. Why wou'd you have more?

Ursa. Now I think on't; no, for shame speak not the rest.

Shatt. By yonder blessed Sun.

Ursa. No swearing, Sir.
If you will swear you have not don't, ye lye,
And I will kill thee if thou dar'st deny.

Shatt. I'le deny nothing.

Ursa. Had I her here, I'de tear her into atomes;
But live she shannot, nor with whorish grace
Laugh at my Infamy.—Oh curst Marriage!
Thou Hell to th' Mind, and Body's Purgatory.
Meet we with common Creatures, they are kind,
Love out their hour with eagerness and Art,
And if they give Diseases—'tis their Trade,
We can expect no less. But th' Marriage-state
Gives ye a guilded Pill that poysons ye,
And yet pretends to cure.—The Plague of Life,
And Curse of our Creation—was a Wife. [Exit.

Beau. He's quite besides
The government of Patience.—You have won:
But come, let's in, and prevent the present rage
He means against himself.

Shatt. With all my heart: I'le follow ye Sir, ha, ha, ha! [Exit Beau.
I am sensible this Lye will occasion some mischief:
But a Pox on't, I cou'd not for my life but make
The most on't, when my hand was in. Well, what
Wit has begun, Policy must preserve; and Tongue
Be but thou silent, and then let him sift out the
Matter as well as he can. [Exit.

Enter Urſaces *with a Letter and Servant.*

Urſa. This Paper ſigns her death: I know my Friend,
My good old Friend *Piſanio*, will diſpatch her
On ſight of this—and then ſhe is with the Furies.
Fly Sirrah with this to the Packet-Boat.
Servant. I'me gone, my Lord.— [*Exit.*
Urſa. But why ſhou'd Nature make us miſerable?
Is there no way for Man to be, but Women
Muſt be half-Workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable Man which I
Did call my Father, was I know not where
When I was ſtamp'd:
Yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Veſta* of her time, ſo did my Wife,
The Jewel of this Age. Oh damn'd Hypocriſie!
Me of my lawful Pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance, did it with
A Pudency ſo Roſie, that ſweet object
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*, that I thought her
As chaſt as un-Sunn'd Snow, as pure as Vertue,
And loſt my ſelf in my imagin'd joys.
That's as the hapleſs Merchant raſh and young,
Liſtens to hear the charming *Siren*'s charming Song;
His Soul is fetter'd, and he fain wou'd get
To the fair tempting Creature's rocky Seat;
And to the Charmers ſwiftly ſtrives to run,
Leaps on the fatal Shore, and is undone:
So tempting Beauty did my Senſe betray,
And faithleſs Woman ſtole my Soul away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Rocky Cave.

Enter Belarius, Arviragus, *and* Palladour, *in wild Habits.*

Belar. THe Sun, the glorious Monarch of the day,
Guilds all the Valleys, and with chearful beams
Smiles on the *Perſian*, who with proſtrate Body

Now pays his Adoration: This inſtructs us
How to admire the Heavens, and bend our minds
To a Mornings holy Office. Come forth my Sons,
The bleſſings of my Age, warmth of my Winter;
Come forth, and with your cuſtomary Duties
Pay Reverence to Heaven and the Morn.—
Hail great Divinity.

Arvir. Hail gracious Heaven, and our moſt noble Father.

Palla. Hail Heaven, and to the Parent of our Lives.

Bellar. Is not this Life better,
Than ſervilely attending for a Check,
Or be oblig'd to flatter ſome groſs Fool,
That gives ye Food and Raiment? Is it not richer,
Than thriving in contempt of Honeſty,
Or proudly ruffling in unpaid for Silk;
When the poor Creditor
Oft gains the Cap of him he has made fine,
Yet keeps his Books uncroſs'd?

Arvir. You told us, Sir,
That Nature ſtamp'd all humane-kind like us;
Can they reſemble us, and are not honeſt?

Bellar. The Face deceives all;—'tis the Nation's Plague,
That he that looks moſt honeſt, ſooneſt wrongs ye.

Arvir. I hate a Villain as I love Vertue, and cou'd wiſh
A ſeaſon to imploy my eager Courage,
And ſteep my Javelin in the reeking blood
Though of a Giant, that had wrong'd my Father.

Bellar. 'Twas kind; but thou art young, *Arviragus*, a twig
That ſhak'ſt with every blaſt; art like a Woman,
But that I think thou haſt not ſo much falſhood.

Arvir. Why are there Women falſe too?

Bellar. Falſe as Court-Promiſes;
Or the young Trader's Oath; but that the fruit of Falſhood
Gains more than Vertue. You may find by me
My Honeſty undid me; my Body's mark'd
With *Roman* Weapons, and my Fame was once
Firſt with the men of Note: *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
And when a Souldier was the Theam, my Name
Was loud as any's: Then was I as a Tree
Whoſe Boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
(So ill did Fortune love me) a rude Storm
Shook down my mellow Bleſſings, nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Arvir. Uncertain Favour: But cou'd you not revenge it?
Cou'd your great Soul ſuppreſs ſuch Injuries,
Be mildly paſſive in a Cauſe ſo juſt?
Now by that Reverend Shape, had I been wrong'd ſo,

I wou'd have fought my Enemies through dangers;
Numerous as Stars, and though hemm'd round with Foes,
Feast my Revenge, then smiling, took my Fate.
Bellar. *Arviragus*, Thou art too passionate; thy fiery temper
Will waste thee like a Feaver.
Pallad. Be silent Brother, and hear my Father's Story.
Bellar. My fault being nothing, as I've often told you,
But that two Villains hating me, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the *Romans*, so
Follow'd my Banishment, and this 20 years
This Rock and these Demeans have been my World.
Arvir. Death to your Honour! Did you part so tamely?
Did you not kill the Villains? Oh I tremble,
And all my Bloud's on fire, at th' apprehension
Of your disgrace? Such Injuries as these
Require Bloud, Ruine, Desolation,
Fatal Destruction, Death in thousand terrors.
Oh Heaven and Earth, not kill him!
Pallad. They were kill'd, were they not, Sir?
Bellar. They were, tho' not by me. But come, the day grows old,
Now up to th' Mountains, 'tis the Hunter's language,
And he that strikes the Venison first shall be the
Lord o'th' Feast: Away, I'le meet you in the Valleys.
Pallad. Come Brother, I lodg'd a stately Stag last night,
A Pollard that has newly cast his head; let's go
And chace him, he is our Feast.
Arvir. No, I have a nobler Game: A Forest Boar
Last night did cross my way, and staring on me,
Grinding his foaming Tushes, roar'd and fled;
My Javelin I swiftly darted at him,
Which glancing from his Shoulder cleft the ground,
And Night opposing with dark shades, I lost
What now will find and conquer. [*Exeunt Bro.*
Bellar. Heaven protect ye.
How hard it is to hide the Sparks of Nature:
These Boys know little they are Sons to th' King,
Nor does their Father dream they are alive.
They think they are mine, and tho' bred up thus meanly,
They think and do like Princes.
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heaven and thy Conscience knows,
Thou did'st unjustly banish me, for which
At three and two years old I stole thy Children,
Thinking to take from thee a Successor,
As thou my Lands from me; 'tis a Revenge
Pleases my Age. Now to my brace of Princes,
Who swifter than two Roes leap o're the Hills,
And in their speedy Chace outstrip the Winds. [*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio *and* Eugenia *in Mens Cloaths.* Pisanio *has a Letter in's hand.*

Pisan. How—Of Adultery, and with a *Gallian?*
Then all my Fears prove true, and that tall Fellow
I once saw with her, proves the Villain I doubted.
Oh perjur'd Creature! Oh false Brother! and dear my Father's Story!

Eugen. This is a strange wild melancholy Place;
Good my Lord, how far is't now to *Milford?*
Why do you shun me so? My Legs are weary
In striving to o'retake ye: Alas I know the trouble
I bring upon you! But for pity's sake
Reflect not on it now. You went this morning
To meet the Post with Letters; my heart pants,
I hope there's no ill News.

Pisan. Oh Woman, Woman!
Who ere cou'd learn thy deep Philosophy,
Or fathom thy unsounded Sea of Craft?
That Look of her's has power to cause sound Faith
Revolt, and make men fancy her a Saint.
This Letter proves a Devil.

Eugen. What Letter's that? Is't from my Lord?

Pisan. From him that was your Lord:
Read it, and when you have done, prepare to die.

Eugen. To die? Good Gods, for what?

Pisan. Read there, and blush instead of growing pale;
The Crime will give occasion.

Eugen. reads.—*Pisanio*, My Wife has damn'd her self, and
Play'd the Strumpet in my Bed: (Oh gracious Heaven!)
The testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me, and a
Fluttering *Gallian* is more grateful to her than
Her unhappy Husband. I write this from
Proofs, as strange as my Griefs; therefore
Kill her, if thou lov'st me, and send a Handkerchief
Dipp'd in her bloud: That done, my Interest here shall
Secure both thy Life and Fortune. *Yours.*
I'le kiss thy Name although it brings me death,
A cruel death to th' Innocent. Oh my Fortune! [*Swounds.*

Pisan. Why there now.
There is another Fetch of female Policy,
This Swouning: I have known a Woman swound
At the puking of her Monkey, or feign sorrow
To see her Husband's Nose bleed. Craft, Craft, damn'd Craft;
I'le not believe 'um. Oh she comes agen!

Eugen. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to think of him;
To weep 'twixt hour and hour: If Sleep charge Nature

To

To break it with a frightful Dream of him,
And cry my ſelf awake; can this be Falſhood?
Piſan. Weak Excuſes.
You ill plead Innocence, when your vertuous Lord
Defames you thus by Letter, and has proof
Of your deteſted Crime; for well I know,
He wou'd not write this without good aſſurance.
Eugen. Yes, any thing to pleaſe his new-found Miſtreſs,
That baſely reaps the harveſt of my Love.
Mens Vows are Womens Traitors; and as *Synon*,
That perjur'd Wretch, that cunning flattering *Greek*,
By weeping ſcandall'd many a holy Tear;
So does *Urſaces* by his broken Oaths,
The Faith of all Mankind.
Piſan. And you by Levity,
The vertue of your Sex. Kneel therefore, and pray,
Or unprepar'd receive your Fate. [*Draws.*
Eugen. I ſwear
I am not guilty, yet do not wiſh to live, [*Kneels.*
Urſaces being falſe. Come, ſtrike my Lord,
Strike the innocent Manſion of my Love, my heart,
And give a hapleſs, much wrong'd Woman, reſt,
As laſting as her woes.
Piſan. Do you not fear?
Eugen. My grief has made me paſt it.
Piſan. Die then, leſt it return; it wonnot be;
Methinks ſome Genius hinders my raſh Arm,
And blames my cruel purpoſe.
Eugen. Make not my Death your Sport,
But do a ſpeedy juſtice for your Friend,
And tell my Lord, when I am laid in Earth,
He then may revel quietly.
Piſan. I cannot do't,
And I'le attempt no farther. If ſhe is falſe,
Let Heaven puniſh her; I'le leave her to its mercy,
And with ſome bloudy token greet her Lord,
As if I had perform'd the horrid Action.
Madam, I pity you, and through that paſſion
Reſolve to ſave your Life: But from this moment
Expect no further ſervice; for Heaven forbid
The leaſt grain of my Love ſhou'd fall on her,
Whoſe blameful Levity wrong'd my deareſt Friend.
Thus then I turn away, and all alone
Within this gloomy melancholy Deſart,
Leave you to Fortune: If you are innocent,
That Innocence protect you; but if guilty,
As ſtrong much doubt you are, let Thunder
Puniſh the hated Falſhood.—Fare ye well.

Eugen.

Eugen. Stay, dear my Lord; Oh do not leave me so,
So lost, so comfortless!
Pisan. No tears shall stop me; there's too much of Woman in 'um.
Eugen. Alas I know not where I am! The Place
Is ruthless, wild and uninhabited;
No friendly Path leads to a neighbouring Village,
But all untrod and savage, like the Covert
Of some rude Satyr; here only Nettles grow, and Ivy
That clings to th' dismal Ewe; and in yon Rock,
The dreadful spotted Toads and poysonous Serpents
Will hourly fright me with their Croaks and Hisses.
Ah do not leave me in this horrid Place,
For I shall die with Fear!
Pisan. I must be gone,
Tho' her words touch me strangely. [*Aside.*
Eugen. I shall be starv'd too. Recal, recal Humanity,
And let that aged Breast bear tender Nature:
Let th' Oath of Knighted, charm ye not to suffer
A wretched Princess famish in a Desart.
Pisan. The Summer-fruit that now fades every Bush,
Makes vain that Fear. To help ye a little,
Take here this Glass, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious; when you're sick, a dram on't
Will drive away Distemper. Farewel; my heart
Bleeds for ye, altho' your abhorred Crimes deserve no pity. [*Exit.*
Eugen. Ye mighty Powers, that sway yon glorious Heaven,
Rise from your awful Thrones, look down and pity
A wretched Innocence; for well ye know,
I'me guiltless, and deserve not this Barbariety,
Tho' more than *Scithians* cruel. Poor *Eugenia*,
Where wilt thou fly for Succour? Home is fatal:
If to my Lord; why he has sent to kill me.
Too cruel Husband of a Wife so faithful.
Oh wretched state!
Oh Misery! If Vertue be thus us'd,
How are the vicious punish'd? What shall I do,
And whither shall I turn? As some poor Slave,
Accus'd of Crimes which he had never done,
Is from his angry Patron's Favour thrown.
Hated altho' he faithfully did serve,
Is cast on some wild Beach to pine and starve.
In vain bemoans himself, and makes defence,
In vain sighs, weeps, and tells his Innocence.
Sits sadly on some Rock, his Eyes do flow,
Mourns his hard Fate, but knows not where to go.
So I unskilful what strange Course to run,
Must perish here, by faithless man undone. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Queen, Cloten, Clarina, Jachimo, Aurelia, *and* Attendants.

Queen. THou ſeed of Miſchief, young Practiſioner
In th' Art of Treachery, how didſt thou dare
To conceal this deviliſh Secret,
No leſs than the diſturbance of a Nation?
But in thy death I'le ſtrait revenge th' Affront.
Clar. Oh do not fright me with the name of Death!
But look with pity, Madam, on my tears,
And ſee a wretched Virgin beg for Life:
So may your Raign be proſp'rous, ſo your Beauty
Still freſh and heavenly, as your mercy flows
In ſhowers of tender pity on my youth.
Cloten. Pity? Ay, let me have her, I'le ſhow pity on her
Youth; Gad, I'le firſt make my Footman raviſh her,
And then have her hang'd.
Jachimo. And why your Footman, my Lord? I hope you have
Other Friends about you that will do her that kindneſs.
Queen. I have conſider'd now ſhe ſhall not die ſo well,
But baniſh'd, live to prolong her miſery,
And none ſhall help her, upon pain of Death.
My Lord *Jachimo*, to you I give the Wretch,
Uſe her as ſhe deſerves: Hence hated Harpey.
Clar. Nay kill me now, and I will think you kind;
Let me not be a prey to his wild Luſt.
Queen. Away with her, I will not hear a word.
Jachimo. You'l like me better in the Countrey, Madam;
Come, come, there's no remedy. [*Drags her out.*
Clar. No ſpark of Pity; help, help.
Cloten. Stop her Mouth, away with her; I'le go and
Diſpatch a ſmall Affair, and follow thee. [*Exit.*
Queen. I've been too ſlow in executing vengeance,
Too dull and cold; had I been diligent,
I cou'd have ſtopp'd her poſting toward *Gallia*,
And ſent her Poſt to the Furies. Who's that comes yonder?
Aurel. The King, Madam, and by his actions ſeems
In a high rage.—
Queen. I'le whet it to a madneſs.

Enter King, Lords *and* Guards.

King. Go search the Countrey round, and bring her back:
Send out more Horses; let every Town and Village
Be narrowly survey'd, each House, each Cottage,
Caves, Grotto's, nay the very clefts of Rocks.
Seek and return me this rebellious Fugitive,
Or lose your Monarch ever.

Queen. Send to *Milford*,
If you'l succeed: We hear now she's gone to ship.
For *Gallia*, to meet her Love in Exile.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. I come to inform your Majesty, that the
Beacons near to *Milford*-Haven are fired;
And the Post just come declares,
The *Roman* Army's landed there,
Led on by *Gaius Lucius*.

King. Summon all the Captains,
And give strict Order that the Troops be ready
With the next Sun. I'le to the Field in person,
And with my presence animate the Souldiers.
Away, and sound to War; draw up your Infantry:
We'le timely march, and scourge this haughty *Roman*: Oh
Eugenia! wer't thou here, I'de fear no Foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Cave.

Enter Eugenia.

Eugen. GOod Heaven!
No Succour yet? I'me tired with wandring,
And faint with hunger. Ah some kind Silvian God,
That rul'st these Groves, rise from thy mossie Couch,
And with thy hoard of Summer wholesom Fruits,
Preserve an innocent Lady from sharp Famine!
I saw an Apple-tree in yonder Thicket,

On

On which eager to feed, as I drew near it,
A large grown Serpent from the hollow root,
Oppos'd my raging hunger, and inſtead of pitying
My pale and pining Looks, with flaming Eyes,
And dreadful Hiſſes, like the *Heſperian* Dragon,
Frighted me from the place; the very Trees, I think,
Take part with cruel man. Ha! what gloomy Place is this?
Here is a Path to't; ſure 'tis ſome ſavage Hold.
Hoa, who's there?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak and help
A wretched Creature; but if ſavage,
Be ſpeedy in my death. No Anſwer; then I'le enter.
Now Mercy, Heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter Bellarius *and* Palladour.

Bellar. I've haunch'd the Stag, and hung his Quarters up
The backſide of the Cave, and when your Brother comes,
We'le make our Feaſt. [*Horn within.*

Palla. Hark, I think I hear his Horn; let's go and
Meet him, he has ventur'd hard to day, it may
Be the wild Boar has hurt him too.

Bellar. Heaven forbid, my Boy.— [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Eugenia *with Meat, eating and lifting up her hands.*

Eugen. Bleſs'd be this poor Retreat; for ever bleſs'd
The Steward of this Feaſt, that brings me comfort,
And ſaves me from a miſerable Fate. Oh Heaven!
How ſweet is this courſe Fare, this little morſel,
Which in proſperity my laviſh hand
Wou'd have profuſely thrown away to Dogs?
How dearly does it reliſh now? How covetous am I
Of each leaſt Bit? Pardon great Providence:
We are ignorant of our ſelves, till Miſeries
Purge our corrupted Natures, and Want, rare Artiſts,
Moulds us to ſence of our Mortality. [*Eats and drinks.*

Enter Bellarius, Palladour, *and* Arviragus, *with a Boar's Head.*

Bellar. Welcome *Arviragus*; welcome my young Heroe,
Let me embrace thee.

Pallad. Welcome dear Brother, I congratulate your Conqueſt,
I ſee you ſhun no danger.

Arvir. Danger? 'tis my Pleaſure:
I wou'd not give a minute for a Victory,
Unleſs by hazard ſweetned; there's the bliſs,

The proof of Valour.—This very Boar to day,
Foaming through rage, with mighty force rush'd on me,
And ere I cou'd avoid, threw me to th' ground;
When angry at my fall, I ſpurn'd him from me,
Roſe quick, and with my Javelin pierc'd his heart.

Bellar. Thanks Heaven for thy Eſcapes. Come *Palladour*,
Your Brother to day is Maſter of the Feaſt;
We'le play the Cook and Servant. How now, what's here?

Palla. What's the matter, Sir?

Bellar. Stand back a little:
But that he eats our Victuals, I ſhou'd think
He were a Fury.

Palla. *Jupiter*—What is't?

Arvir. An Angel, by my Soul; or elſe at leaſt
Some Rural Deity.

Bellar. A pretty Boy, a very *Cupid*: Hold, it's going to ſpeak.

Eugen. Good Maſter, hurt me not.
Before I enter'd here I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: Indeed
I have ſtoll'n nothing, nor wou'd not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd th' Floor; Here's money for my Meat. [*Kneeling.*
I wou'd have left it on the Board as ſoon
As I had made my Meal, and then departed,
With humble thanks and prayers for the Provider.

Bellar. Money—ſweet Youth.

Arvir. Let Gold and Silver, the Dirt o'th' Earth, be priz'd
By ſuch as worſhip dirty Gods, not us.

Eugen. I ſee you are angry;
But know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhou'd
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Palla. With what a modeſt innocence he ſpeaks?

Arvir. And what a roſie face he has?

Bellar. Whither are you going?

Eugen. To *Milford*.

Bellar. I hope you have done no miſchief, and are flying
From Juſtice?

Eugen. No, Heaven knows, not I.

Bellar. What's your Name?

Eugen. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a Kinſman that
Is bound for *Rome*; he embarks at *Milford* Haven,
To whom being going, I loſt my way ith' Woods,
And almoſt pin'd with hunger,
Am faln in this offence; pray pardon me, [*kneels and weeps.*

Bellar. Prethee my pretty fellow,
Think us not Churles, nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in, come, come, thou'rt welcome,
Heartily welcome, and ſhalt have better cheer,

Ere thou depart'ſt, and thanks to ſtay and take it.
Nay prithee wipe thy eyes: Boys, bid him welcome.
By *Jove*, there's ſomething in his honeſt Look,
That moves my heart with love and pity for him.
Pallad. I know not what you feel, but in my breaſt
Love gives him large poſſeſſion; my Genius tells me,
He's worthy our beſt Favour. Sir, I embrace ye.
Arvir. And I as kindly as I wou'd a Siſter,
Were ſhe diſtreſs'd as thou art. Welcome, dear Brother:
I'le call thee ſo, and wou'd revenge thy wrongs
With a full heart, knew I the fatal Authors.
Eugen. A thouſand bleſſings on you. Oh gracious Heaven!
Can this be true? Are there ſuch bleſſings left
Yet for *Eugenia?*
Pallad. He weeps at ſome Diſtreſs.
Arvir. And the clear drops ſtand on his bluſhing Cheek,
As pearly dew on Roſes. Come, my ſweet Brother,
You muſt not be thus ſad; we are all your Friends,
And love you heartily, I do ſwear. [*Embraces.*
Pallad. And I, by yonder Sun; there is methinks
A ſympathy between us.
Bellar. For my part,
I lik'd him at firſt ſight: Come, welcome, welcome;
In troth you are too melancholy.
Eugen. A ſmall Diſtemper, Sir:
'Twill quickly away agen.—How courteouſly they uſe me?
And with what honeſty expreſs their Love?
Dear modeſt Creatures.
Bellar. Now Sirs, let's in,
And dreſs our Veniſon; when we have ſupp'd, ſweet Boy,
We'le mannerly deſire of thee thy Story;
As far as is convenient.
Eugen. I'me oblig'd to you for Life, Sir.
Arvir. Come deareſt Brother.
Pallad. More lov'd than the ruddy morn, or the
Purling Brook, when parch'd with heat o'th'
Dog-ſtar, we deſcend to quench our eager thirſt.
Eugen. I'me bound to you for ever:
And now too well I can diſprove Report,
The Countrey is not ſavage, but the Court. [*Exeunt, they embracing her.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Pisanio.

Pisan. MY Heart throbbs still, my Senses are disturb'd too,
And since I left the Princess in yon Court,
I have not been at rest; sure she's innocent,
And I and her rash Lord have been abus'd.
I'le seek her out,
And comfort her, for I believe she's innocent. [*Exit.*

Enter Cloten *in* Ursaces *Cloaths, and* Jachimo *dragging in* Clarina *in a mean Habit.*

Clar. Look on my tears, and let them melt your heart,
Your rocky hearts, yet harder far than Stone;
For Stones melt, when relenting Heavens weeps,
But you grow more obdurate with my tears.

Jachimo. Tears? Why thou canst not oblige me more than to Weep soundly; it makes the flame of Love more Vigorous; Oh I like a passionate Woman in that Business extreamly! she has the finest ways With her.

Clar. Think you not on your Souls? Alas, when I am dead,
As I will ne're outlive so black a Villany,
My Ghost will fright you, your wounded Consciences
Lash and torment you like a thousand Furies.

Clot. Ghost? A pox o'thy Ghost: Prithee art thou such a Fool to think we fear the Devil? *Jachimo*, shew Her the contrary, rowze her, towze her, Boy, I'le Do thee an honourable kindness, and pimp for thee, For fear of disturbance.

Jachimo. A very friendly part, faith, my Lord: Come, Madam, You and I must be more familiar; nay, nay, no Strugling, thy heart's a flame, and you must quench the fire.

Clar. Rather be burn'd to ashes, barbarous Wretch; help, help. Oh Heaven, send down thy Thunder, dash me to the Earth, Rather than suffer this: Help, help.

Enter Pisanio.

Pisan. What pitious Cry was that? sure 'twas a Woman's voice By the shrill sound. Good Gods, what's this I see? My Daughter here?

Clarin-

Clarin. Mercy—unlook'd for: 'Tis he, Oh my dear Father, [*Runs and embraces him.*
In a bless'd minute are you come to save me!
Pisan. Ha! Lord *Cloten* too?
Then all's discover'd, and I'me lost.
Cloten. See *Jachimo*, yonder's that old Traitor too luckily
Fain into our snare: Go, go, take his Daughter
From him, and ravish her before his face.
Jachimo. With all my heart; I'le not lose for a million.
Pisan. He comes upon his death that touches her: Base men,
Have you no humane Nature?
Cloten. Does he expostulate? Kill, kill the Slave.
Pisan. I first shall see thy death.
Cloten. No, Thou shalt never see agen; for when I have conquer'd thee,
With my Sword's point, I'le dig out both thy eyes,
Then drag thee to my Mother to be tortur'd.
Jachimo. I'le do his business presently. [*Fight*, Pisanio *wounded.*
Pisan. Fly Daughter, fly, whilst my remains of Life
I render for thy safety.
Clarin. Oh save my Father! Heaven save him, save him. [*Exit.*
[*Fights still*, Pisanio *kills* Jachimo, *then falls down with him, and* Cloten *disarms him.*
Pisan. Thou hast it now, I think.
Jachimo. A Plague on him, he has kill'd me. Oh— [*Dyes.*
Cloten. Curs'd Misfortune! He's dead; but I'me resolv'd to
Be thy true Prophet however, thou shalt not
See my death, unless with other eyes. [*Puts out his eyes.*
Pisan. Hell-born Fury! Oh—
Cloten. So, now smell thy way out of the Wood, whilst
I follow thy Daughter, find her, and cut her piece-meal
I'le sacrifice her to the Ghost of *Jachimo*. [*Exit.*
Pisan. All dismal, dark as Night, or lowest Shades,
The Regions of the Dead, or endless Horror;
The Sun with all his light now gives me none,
But spreads his beamy Influence in vain,
And lends no Glimpse to light my Land of darkness.
Sure near this Place there lyes a Sword, [*Crawls about to find his Sword.*
I'le try if I can find it. Pitiless Fate,
Wilt thou not guide my hand? My Wound's not mortal,
And I shall yet live Ages: True sign of Grief,
When we do wish to die before our time.
I'le crawl into some Bush and hide my self,
Till Fate's at leisure; there
To the dumb Grove recount my Miseries,
Weep Tears of bloud from Wounds instead of Eyes. [*Crawls out.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Bellarius *from the Cave.*

Bellar. TUrning my head towards yon point o'th' Sea,
Methoughts I heard a noise of Drums and Trumpets,
With shouts of men, as of an Army landed:
Perhaps 'tis so indeed; I know the *Romans*
Have long watch'd an advantage, and wou'd run
With joy the race great *Cæsar* once begun.

Enter Palladour, Arviragus *and* Eugenia.

Pallad. You are not well; pray stay here in the Cave.
Bellar. Go you to Hunting, Sons, I'le stay with him.
Eugen. I beseech you do not; nay then you'l make me blush,
To think how much I trouble ye: Let me beg ye,
Stick to your Journal Course; the breach of Custom
Is breach of all: I am ill, but your being by me,
Is not medicinable; Society is no comfort neither,
To one not sociable: Pray go and trust me here;
I'le rob none but my self, and if my self,
The theft's so poor 'tis not worth punishing.
Pallad. There's so much vertue in his Love and Actions,
It more and more does steal away my heart.
Eugen. Kind Heaven preserve you both. Oh sacred Providence!
Who cou'd have thought to find such gentle Creatures
In a wild rustick Cave, by Nature only taught?
I am sick still,
Very sick; now *Pisanio* I'le taste thy Cordial,
I never had more cause. [*Exit* Eugen.
Bellar. Let's to our Silvian sport. How now, who's that? [*Exit.*

Enter Cloten.

Cloten. I cannot find this Fugitive; sure the Devil
Has lent her wings to fly, and cross my purpose.
Cloten. Hah! What are you that fly me thus? Some Villain Outlaws?
I've heard of such.—What Slave art thou?
Arvir. A thing more slavish did I ne're, then answering
A Slave without a Knock.
Cloten. Thou art a Robber: I'le murder thee.

Arvir.

Arvir. Ye lye, you wonot, you cannot, nor you shan't,
I'le beat your Brains out first; S'death, have not I
An Arm as long as thine, a Heart as big?
Thy words may appear bigger, but I wear not
My Dagger in my mouth.
Cloten. A plaguy little Whipster this: Why, thou
Abject Villain,
Knows me not by my Cloaths.
Arvir. No, I say, how shou'd I?
Cloten. Then hear my Name and tremble.
Arvir. I tremble at nothing but the Thunder,
And that I'me sure thou canst not do:
What's thy Name?
Cloten. Cloten, thou Villain.
Arvir. Cloten? Then double Villain be thy Name,
I care not—Were it Toad, Spider, or Adder,
'Twou'd move me sooner.
Cloten. To thy Confusion know, I am Son to th' Queen.
Arvir. I am sorry for't, not seeming so worthy
As thy Birth.
Cloten. Does thou not fear?
Arvir. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wise,
All Fools I scourge and laugh at.
Cloten. Y'are witty, are you? but I'le fetch ye out of
Your Jest presently; Sirrah,
I'le slay thee with this hand, and when thou
Art dead,
Upon the Gates of *Ludds*-Town set thy Head.
Arvir. It stands yet on my Shoulders; come, come on Sir.
They fight; Cloten *lets fall his Sword and runs out.*

Enter Bellarius *and* Pallador.

Bellar. No Company's abroad.
Pallad. Not a man stirring—You did mistake him sure.
Bellar. No, I am firm 'twas he.
Pallad. In this Place we left 'um.
I wish my Brother make good party with him;
You say he's very strong.
Bellar. I have often heard so.
Pallad. He look'd but like a Fool. But see, our
Fears may vanish, here comes my Brother.

Enter Arviragus *with* Cloten's *Head.*

Arvir. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty Purse,
There was no money in't; not *Hercules*

Cou'd have knock'd out his Brains, for he had
None; but I think I've stopp'd his Railing.
Bellar. What hast thou done? [*Throws the Head down.*
Arvir. Yon grinning Face will inform you.
I've cut off one *Cloten*'s Head, Son to the Queen,
He says he is, who call'd me Villain, who
Swore he wou'd cut mine off from my
Shoulders, and set it upon *Ludds*-Town.
Bellar. We are all undone.
Pallad. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose?
The Law protects not us, why should we fear?
Arviragus, I love thee like a Brother, but envy much
Thy Valour in this Action.
Bellar. I fear 'twill be reveng'd.
Arvir. With his own Sword he wav'd against my Throat,
I hew'd it off; I'le throw't into the Creek
Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
To tell the Fishes he's the Queens Son *Cloten*.
That's all I care. [*Exit* Arvir. *with the Head.*
Pallad. I'le go and see *Fidele*;
I hope he's somewhat better after Sleep. [*Exit.*
Bellar. Oh divine Nature, how thou show'st thy Power
In these two Princely Boys! 'tis a wonder
That an invisible Instinct shou'd frame 'um
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught;
Civility not seen from others, Valour
That wildly grows in 'um, but yields a Crop
As if it had been sow'd.

Enter Arviragus.

Arvir. I have sent *Cloten*'s Clotpole down the Stream,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Body lyes
In yonder Thicket.—Hah, that's my Brother's Voice! [*Cry within.*
Where is he?
Bellar. Gon out o'th' Cave just now to see *Fidele*.

Enter Palladore *with* Eugenia *as dead.*

Pallad. See Brother, see, the pretty Bird is dead,
That we so well did love.
Bellar. Dead? and by Melancholy? this is strange.
Arvir. Oh piercing Sight! Thou sweetest, fairest Lilly,
My Brother wears thee now not half so well,
As when thou grew'st thy self.
Bellar. How did'st thou find him?
Pallad. Just as you see, smiling as in a slumber;

His

His right Cheek reposing on a Cushion on the Floor:
His Arms thus cross'd, I thought he slept, and put
My Hunting-shoots from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my Steps too loud.

Bellar. Well, 'tis in vain to mourn, what's past recovery:
Come Sons, let's lay him in our Tomb.

Arvir. Rest there sweet Body of a sweeter Soul, [*They lay him in the Grave.*
Whilst we lament thy Fate.

Enter Caius Lucius, Captains *and* Souldiers, *with Drum and Colours.*

Capt. To them the Succours sent from *Gaul* will joyn,
And now are setting forth to cross the Sea,
And meet you here at *Milford.*

Lucius. What number are they?

Capt. At least 10000. and all disciplin'd,
Bred to the War, most willing active Spirits,
That promise noble Service; they are coming
Under the Conduct of the bold *Shattillion,*
Syenna's Brother.

Lucius. Oh I know him well, a most methodical Courtier:
But when d'ye expect 'um?

Capt. With the next benefit of Wind.

Lucius. This forwardness makes our hopes fair. What News
Have you from *Ludds*-Town?

Capt. The Queen is dead, raging with desperate madness
For the absence of her Son late strangely lost,
And as they fear is murdered. But I hear the old King
Comes forward with his Power.

Lucius. We shall the sooner meet him;
And *Cæsar* shall have Tribute, or we'le shed
Our *Roman* Blood in *Britain.* What's here?
A Boy
Asleep I think, or dead; let's see his Face.

Capt. He is alive, my Lord.

Lucius. What art thou, Youth?

Eugen. I am nothing; or if something,
'Twere better I were nothing.

Lucius. This Countrey sure
Is savage grown: This Morning in yon Wood
I found an old Man, his Eyes just put out, wounded,
And freshly bleeding: And not far off from him,
A tender Virgin, running with Hair dishelved,
And crying to Heaven for succour; whom strait I seiz'd,
And carried to my Tent, where now they are.

Capt. I saw 'um, and heard since they are of quality.

Lucius. Look up, Youth, I'le entertain thee,

Thou shalt go with me.

Eugen. I beseech you, Sir, excuse me.

Lucius. By no means; I like thee well, thou shalt be my Page.

Eugen. He's going with an Army 'gainst my Father;
I'th' Battel sure I cannot miss a death,
Amongst so many Swords. Well, Sir, if I must go.

Lucius. Leave soft Grief,
And bend thy mind to th' War; if thou dost nobly,
Cæsar shall honour thee. March. [*Exeunt, Scene shuts upon* Cloten's *dead Body.*

Enter Bellarius, Palladore, Arviragus.

Pallad. We are discover'd: Here, Sir, take your Sword,
And let's adventure out; 'tis much better
To brave a dangerous Fate, than tamely suffer it.
Pray let's to th' Army.

Bellar. I shall be discover'd,
And then be rack'd and tortur'd.

Arvir. Do not fear it:
This is, Sir, not a time for private Fewds;
Besides the Frost of twenty nipping Winters,
As many Summers Heats furrow that Brow
Which once was smooth: You look not now, my Father,
As you did then, when lusty Youth and Vigour
Sate blushing on your Cheek.

Pallad. Consuming Time,
That alters every thing, you cannot doubt,
Has chang'd you much from what you were.

Bellar. I know it;
And since your Valours prompt you to the War,
I'le hazard with good will remaining Life,
To get you Fame.

Pallad. Whilst we have any Life, yours, Sir, shall be in safety.
Come, Brother, let's to the King's Party, 'tis the noblest way;
For never shall it be declar'd hereafter,
That our first Onset in the Race of Honour,
Was in ignoble Fight against our Countrey.

Bellar. 'Tis honourable Advice, and shall be follow'd.
And now methinks I wish to be in Battel:
Once more, *Bellarius*, draw thy Sword for *Britain*,
This Sword that made the all conquering *Julius*
Stoop to the Earth, and groveling kiss the Dust,
When like another *Cyclops*, the sound stroak
Made his well-temper'd Helm shed sparks of Fire.
This Sword shall once more know the Toyles of War,
And reek with Victory.

Pallad. With Victory?

Oh

Oh Royal Sound, the Prize of honour'd Valour!
Let's on, let's on.

Arvir. Methinks my Heart grows bigger,
And swells within my Breast, to meet the Fame
My fatal Sword shall purchase. Oh my Father!
The thought of your fam'd Deeds so fleets my Courage,
That when I me full of Wounds, begrim'd with Dust,
Spotted with Blood, and hemm'd about with Enemies,
I shall break through like the young God of War:
With Blood of Foes the neighb'ring Valleys fill,
Like Lightning scatter, and like Thunder kill. [Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Ursaces Solus.

Ursa. FRom hollow Rocks and solitary Caves,
Where the evil Genius hunts the Miserable,
To mask in Shades, and shun the chearful Light,
Wretched *Ursaces* back to *Britain* comes,
Bearing this bloody witness of his Cruelty:
Heart-killing Sight! The Blood that stains this Linnen,
Once swell'd the Veins of the mildest, fairest, chastest;
O but not chast! In that my praise exceeded:
That Title fatally she lost, and now
Has paid too dearly for't;—yet divine Heaven,
Should every one that forfeits Honour, be
Depriv'd of Life, thy World wou'd be unpeopl'd.
The full fed City-Dame would sin in fear;
The Divine's Daughter slight the amorous Cringe,
Of her tall Lover; the close salacious Puritan
Forget th' Appointment with her canting Brother.
Should rigorous Death punish the venial Error,
The fashion of the World would be abolish'd.
How great then is my Crime? I am brought hither
Disguis'd amongst the Cavalry, to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdom.—But 'tis enough, dear
Britain, I have kill'd thy Mistress.
Peace, I'le give no Wound to thee,
But mourn my fault, and fall in thy defence:

So some vile Wretch that in his Life has been
Unhappy, and has done some deadly Sin,
In Conscience struck, by some good Act does try
To merit Heav'n—make his peace and die. [Exit.

Enter King, Lords, *and* Captains, *and the* Britain *Army at one Door, and* Lucius, Shattillion, *and the* Roman *Army at another. Trumpets sound a Parley.*

Cymb. It grieves me I have reason, *Caius Lucius*,
To meet thee thus in Arms—the Bower of Peace,
For my now frozen and unwieldy Age,
Were fitter than the noisie Tents of War,
Were Honour not concern'd.—Say therefore, General,
Is there yet left a way, our Honour safe,
That we may end the Difference without Battel?

Lucius. The Tribute due to *Cæsar* being paid,
You are in peace, and we'le return to *Rome*.

Cymb. That were ignoble, and not like a King.
Tho' *Julius Cæsar* made a Conquest there,
And of *Cassibelan* had a Grant for Tribute,
I'me not oblig'd to pay it.

Silvio. There may be many *Cæsars*,
Ere such another *Julius*.—Ours is a World by't self,
And the hardy *Britains*, Sir, will nothing pay,
For wearing their own Noses.

Shatt. They shall pay,
If the cull'd Power of *Rome* and *Gaul* can make 'um:
But we have always noted you hard *Britains*,
As you call your selves, most valiant in your Talk,
And know you can run with an unmatch'd Celerity.

Cymb. Now by my Crown,
You shall not buy us cheaply, nor shall this Isle,
That stands like *Neptune*'s Park, pal'd round with Oaks,
And fenc'd with roaring Waters, e're pay Tribute,
While *Cymbeline*'s alive.

Lucius. Then for *Augustus*, thus I bid defiance: [Draws.
Cæsar who has more tributary Kings,
Than thou domestick Slaves, and in his Name,
Bid thee prepare for Battel.

Cymb. I take thee at thy word: Charge, charge my Friends;
This is your happy hour: Draw all your Swords,
And fight for Liberty, *Cymbeline* and *Britain*.

Lucius. For Honour, *Rome* and *Cæsar*, we.

Shatt. Charge, charge there. [Shout here.

The King draws within his Troops, and the Armies engage; the Britains *are beaten back, and the King taken: then Enter* Ursaces, Bellarius, Pallador, Arviragus, *to his Rescue; the King falls;* Ursaces *bestrides him.*

Ursa. Make good the Breach, whilst I defend the King.
Bellar. Stand *Britains*, we have the advantage of the Ground.
The Enemies disorder'd.
Pallad. Stand, stand and fight.
Arvir. All Plagues pursue 'um, do they run already?

The Britains *return and fight, and the* Romans *are beaten off*; Bellarius, Palladore, *and* Arviragus *follow them*; Manent *the* King, *and* Ursaces, *and* Britains.

Cymb. My Life's indebted to thy Valour. Speak,
What art thou? for I know thee not.
Ursa. A Gentleman, and the Lover of the King.
Cymb. Thou art brave, and well deserv'st a Monarch's Favour.
The Battel ended, see me in my Tent,
Where I'le load Honours on thee. [*Exit* King *and* Britains.
Ursa. Fetters rather.
Did he but know 'twas I that kill'd *Eugenia*;
O dreadful Sound! But stay, there is a deed
Must yet be done.—I'me tardy.—Now for Vengeance. [*Exit.*

Enter Eugenia, Lucius, *and* Shattillion.

Lucius. Inconstant Chance wavering, and Woman-like,
Smile once more on us.—Was ever day thus chang'd!
Those that within this hour ran from our Swords,
Like fearful Hares before the full-mouth'd Cry,
Now turn, pursue, and chace us from the Field.
Oh Devil Fate.
Shatt. The old Man and his Sons fought like Devils,
There was no coming near 'um; they have pepper'd
All my Taper-Gallians, there's hardly one of 'em left
To give his Mistress an account of Valour.
Eugen. This is that Devil *Shattillion*, now I know him,
The fatal Cause of all my Miseries.
Shatt. They toss'd me up and down the Field like a Foot-ball,
I may thank my activity for my Life. [*Shout within.*
Lucius. Hark, they pursue us,—and all is lost.
Away, Boy, from the Field, and save thy self;
Now Friends kill Friends, and there's no hope of safety.
Shatt. Mine is secure, I've a Project for't.
Lucius. O treacherous Fortune! [*Exit.*

A Flourish of Trumpets; then Enter Silvio, Bellarius, Palladore *and* Arviragus.

Bellar. Let us purſue yon ſcatter'd Troops, where *Lucius*
Seeks ſafety by baſe flight;—when he is taken,
The day's our own, and haughty *Rome* muſt bow
To th' *Britiſh* Power.—Come Sons,—my dear *Arviragus*,
Thou haſt ſhown thy ſelf the Hero of the Battel.

Arvir. I am not fleſh'd enough; Come, follow, follow,
I will my ſelf take *Lucius*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shattillion *diſguis'd like a* Britain.

Shatt. Let *Roman* Fools give up themſelves to Bondage,
While I by Wit gain Freedom.
Thus habited like a *Britain*, have I paſs'd
Through all their Troops,—unſeen or unſuſpected,
And now with happy ſpeed deſign for *Milford*,
From thence to ſhip to *Gallia*,—where in ſafety
I'le laugh at this Contrivance, and with pleaſure boaſt
Of my kind Fortune.

Enter Urſaces *and* Britains; Beaupre *meeting him,* Shattillion *ſtarts.*

Urſa. Diſguiſes cannot ſave thee, I know thee, Devil,
By more than vulgar Signs.

Shatt. The very Devil has not a blacker Fiend, that I
Would ſooner ſhun, than thee; but come, thou
Know'ſt me, what's the Reſult on't?

Urſa. Death and Damnation.

Shatt. A kind of an odd Reward for a man of my Parts:
But I'me of a Religion, Sir, that tells me,
My Life's not in your power, if taken nobly.

Urſa. Not in my power? Yes,
If Heaven ſwerve not from its awful Juſtice,
I'me ſure I have. Think on *Eugenia*,
O Devil think on her! She that was once
The dear lov'd Genius of this happy Country;
The brighteſt beam of Light that grac'd the World,
Made by thee black as the Shades of Hell,
Where now ſhe wanders in the Vale of Horror.
Remember her, and let thy Soul deſpair.

Shatt. Ha! Is *Eugenia* dead then?

Urſa. Dead? Why didſt thou think I was ſo tame a Fool,
To let her live after her horrid Crime?
Couldſt thou imagine I would quench my Thirſt
At that vile Spring, where the ſordid Bruit had trampl'd,

And

And turn'd the chryſtal Current into Mud?
Or let the ſpotted Serpent ſting agen,
That had already poyſon'd me?
Shatt. If thou haſt kill'd her, thou art miſerable
Above Mankind.
Urſa. I am, and by thee made ſo.
Shatt. She was innocent, raſh man.
Urſa. Hah!
Shatt. Innocent, I ſwear, as Angels; chaſt as the Phœnix,
And was indeed the Phœnix of the World,
And never to be equall'd.
Urſa. Theſe are Lyes which more perplex my Soul,
Than thou that mak'ſt 'em, and Riddles ſhan't
Save your Life, Sir.
Shatt. Now I dare fight with thee
With a full heart.—Thou raſh, thou wretched Creature,
Thou haſt kill'd the only beſt of all her kind,
Eclips'd a Planet Heaven in mercy gave,
To bleſs and beautifie the World.
Urſa. Still Riddles:—Doubts to plague me; but I'le try
Whether in Death you'l have the gift of Lying.
Stand you apart. [*To the* Britains.
Shatt. Come on, and ſummon all thy skill and vigor,
For I will meet thee, fell as the hungry Lyoneſs
In the wild Deſart, roving for her prey.
Urſa. I'me pleas'd to know, that we with equal rage
Do play our parts in this bold Scene of death,
Occaſion'd by diſhonouring a Princeſs:
That Crime will dam thy Soul when Life is loſt,
Which thus I offer to *Eugenia*'s Ghoſt. [*Fight,* Shatt. *falls.*
Shatt. Thou haſt perform'd thy word:
My warm Blood
Flows from my Heart, and my departing Soul
Swims on the ſurface of the purple Gore:
O too ſmall recompence for *Eugenia*'s wrongs,
That bleſs'd, that innocent Princeſs!
Urſa. O Heaven!
Shatt. Nay thou'lt wonder more anon: Know then raſh
Credulous Fool, I did betray the Princeſs.
Urſa. Betray? how betray? O ſpeak on;
For thou art now a Prophet to my ſence,
And all thy words are Oracles? How innocent?
And how was ſhe betray'd?
Shatt. I'le tell the Cauſe I hate thee, therefore obſerve me:
I did bely her Vertue, and by Cunning obtain'd
The knowledge of her Apartment and Perſon.
Urſa. By Cunning ſay'ſt thou?—Break not yet my Brain;

Do not distract me till I have heard all:
Say how by Cunning.

Shatt. Cunning that now I hope may chance to dam thee.
I got my self convey'd into her Chamber, and at dead
Of night, she innocently sleeping, took view o'th'
Hangings, Furniture and Pictures, and all which
When return'd to *Gaul* I told you.

Vrsa. Horrid and damn'd Impostor! But say further,
Speak on thy Soul, how didst thou get that Bracelet?

Shatt. There as she slept I cut it from her Arm,
And viewing nearer, saw the Mole I spoke of.

Vrsa. And this is true, as thou hast of rest?

Shatt. What e're I hope, rest or unrest, 'tis true. But Oh
My Soul is wandring to its unknown home,
My Blood's all Ice! [*Dies.*

Vrsa. Then am I damn'd more than the worst of Fiends:
Heav'n keep not now thy Thunderbolt in vain,
To shoot at Trees, or cleave the marble Rocks,
But dart it here; here on this wretched Head
Throw thy swift Bolt, and dash me to the Center;
Let Hell devour me quick, the Fiends dissect me,
Burn, cut me atomes.—O revenge, revenge
The innocent *Eugenia!* Here he stands
That caus'd her to be murder'd; dam him, dam him;
Bathe him in molten Glass;—let a Cabal of Furies
Meet and consult t'invent new Tortures for him,
And be his Pangs eternal. He comes, ye Fiends,
Swift as old *Lucifer*, when first he fell,
And with this stroak transports himself to Hell. [*Offers to fall on his Sword.*

Capt. That must not be while we stand tamely by. [*The* Britt. *hold.*
Souldiers, he has confess'd he kill'd
The Princess; let's bear him to the King.
Death is too kind a punishment, he merits the worst
Of Tortures: O horrid Murderer, away with him!

Vrsa. Let me kneel before thee,
And thank thee for that Judgement: Thou art wise,
And 'tis most true that only Death is much too kind;
I deserve Pains greater than Tongue can utter,
Or barb'rous Policy invent.

Capt. Who cou'd imagine so much Villany
Cou'd dwell with so much Courage?

Vrsa. And shall tame lazy Death be all my Torture?
No, I have yet more Conscience than to hope it.
Poysons and Flames,
Racks, burning Iron, and flaming Lead,
Hot Pincers, Daggers, suffocating Water,
All, all are nothing, I will my self find greater;

And

And as in *Lacedemon*, the greateſt Villains
Were by the State made Judges of all Criminals,
Becauſe they beſt knew how to weigh and puniſh;
So I that know my ſelf, my ſelf will doom,
By Tortures here out-pain my Hell to come.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Palace backward.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Palladore, Arviragus, Silvio, Lucius *and* Eugenia, *as Priſoners, Guards, and Attendants.*

Cymb. NOble old Man, and you moſt worthy pair,
That Heav'n has made preſerver of my Honour,
Let me embrace you: Yet is there a Fourth,
That in my tide of Thanks deſerves large ſhare.
He that beſtrid me, gaſping on the ground,
And like ſtern *Ajax*, with his ſhining Buckler,
Secur'd my Life from Storms of *Roman* Fury,
Where is he, that I may unclew my grateful Heart,
To pay the Debts I owe him?

Bellar. Since his laſt Sally he has not been ſeen,
Though we have ſearch'd among the Dead and Living,
And much I fear he's loſt.

Cymb. A Kingdom were too ſmall to buy his Virtue.

Lucius. Now great *Cymbeline*,
I conjure thee by thy Fortune, grant me a Requeſt;
Let my poor Boy be ranſom'd;—never Maſter had
A Page ſo kind, ſo dutious, diligent,
So modeſtly affected to his Maſter,—nor
So unwearied in his Service.—Let his Vertue joyn
With my Requeſt, which I'le preſume your Majeſty
Will ſoon find in him. He is of this Countrey,
And has done no *Britain* harm, tho' he has
Serv'd a *Roman*.—Save but him, Sir,
And ſpare no Life beſides.

Cymb. Let me ſee his Face. Ha, what ſtrange Surprize
Is this! I have ſeen him ſomewhere, methinks
His Features are familiar to me. Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelf into my Favour, live.

Lucius. I humbly thank your Majesty.
Pallad. It must be the Boy *Fidele*, I'le speak to the King.

Enter Ursaces.

Cymb. What, my Preserver?
Does he then live? You holy Powers, I thank ye:
Let me embrace thee, thou best, thou bravest man;
And that I may be grateful for thy service,
Ask what thou wilt on the King's word 'tis thine.
Ursa. Had ever Fiend such mercy? Royal Sir,
Refer your bounty till you find my merit;
Know, I am that *Ursaces* whom you banish'd,
For yet you know not how much I deserve.
Cymb. Ursaces! What miracle is this?
Eugen. Oh Heaven!
Ursa. He Sir? A Basilisk that wounds you to the Soul
With his contagious Aspect.—Remember *Eugenia*,
Your heav'nly Daughter:
Think Sir, O think upon her.
Cymb. Ha! where is she?
Speak, speak: O doubt not but I think of her.
Ursa. You do, you must, I know it.—Now then as the Angels
From glorious lucid Thrones, eternal Mansions,
Look down and see the damn'd wallow in horrour;
So without regret or pity look upon me,
A worser Fiend, worse damn'd, for worser Reasons:
I like a sacrilegious Thief broke open
Vertues best Temple, and from the shining Altar
Impiously stole the consecrated Vessel,
The Gods had treasur'd up for their own use.
Cymb. My blood flows to my heart; say, dost thou mean
Her Life, her precious Life?
Ursa. The best of Lives she lost, and by my Order.
Cymb. Then art thou damn'd indeed.
Ursa. Then am I damn'd indeed? O true Assertion!
And see I thus submit me to be tortur'd,
Thus fall at thy Slave's feet, and beg for justice.
Be dark, thou Sun,
And be ye lesser Lights extinguish'd all:
Be Nature sick, let Shades surround the World,
And Order cease, till my *Eugenia*, the fair, the best *Eugenia*,
Be in my horrid torturing Death reveng'd.
Eugen. Shine brighter Sun,
And all ye happy Stars glimmer for joy,
At this unlook'd for Change. Oh my dear Husband!
Here is thy Wife, here is *Eugenia*;
Once more receive me as the [illegible] Heaven.

Ursa.

Urſa. Oh my Souls Joy! Canſt thou e're pardon me?
Canſt thou forget?
Eugen. Heaven knows, with all my heart;
But let me beg you doubt my Faith no more.
Urſa. If I do, may Heav'n forſake me ever,
And thou my better Genius ceaſe to guide me.
Cymb. Has Love ſo blinded thee thou haſt forgot me?
Doſt thou not know thy Father?
Eugen. O my Lord!
So thrive my Soul, as in my beſt of Duty
My heart is vow'd to you: Pray pardon me.
Cymb. Let this declare I do.

Enter Piſanio, Clarinna.

Piſan. Where, where's my Lord *Urſaces*? lead me to him.
Urſa. Ha! His Eyes loſt, and for my ſake I fear:
Speak good old Friend, whoſe cruel deed was this?
Piſan. 'Twas *Cloten*'s; but if you love me, do not pity me:
For this was I ordain'd, and well can bear it.
Where is the Princeſs? let me kiſs her Hand.
Eugen. Come not near me, Murderer:
Thou left'ſt me in the Deſart, and gaveſt me Poyſon.
Piſan. Poyſon? May then the ſwift Lightning blaſt me,
If the Box I gave you was not thought by me
Of precious value; I had it from the Queen.
Eugen. Moſt like it did, for I was dead a while.
Bellar. My Boys, there was our Errour.
Piſan. My Pity ſwaying over your Command, my Lord,
I had no heart to kill her.
Urſa. 'Twas heav'nly Mercy; [*Embraces him.*
For hadſt thou done it, O what Miſery,
What Hells had I endur'd?
Piſan. I left her to Heavens Mercy in a Deſart,
Where after I found *Cloten* and *Jachimo*,
Dragging my Daughter with barbarous deſign,
In whoſe defence, bold *Jachimo* I ſlew,
And then loſt my Eyes by *Cloten*'s Cruelty;
But what befel him afterwards I know not.
Arvir. Then let me end the Story, I kill'd him there.
Cymb. Heaven forbid, brave Youth:
I would not thy good Deed ſhould be rewarded
With a fatal Sentence; prithee deny't agen.
Arvir. Sir, I ſpoke it, and I did it.
Cymb. He was a Prince.
Arvir. A moſt uncivil one.
Cymb. Bind the Offendor, and take him from our preſence.

Bellar.

Bellar. Nay then ſtay Sir, hear me ſpeak:
Firſt pay me for the breeding of your Sons.
Cymb. Breeding my Sons?
Bellar. Perhaps I am too bold: Thus bow my Knee then,
And e're I riſe I will prefer theſe two
Then ſpare not the old Man. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons ſprung from your loyns,
To you are debtors for their Beings.
Cymb. Me?
Bellar. To you Sir; you are their Parent,
Their Nurſe *Euripbele*,
Whom I with Gold corrupted, ſtole theſe Children,
By which I thought my ſelf reveng'd for Baniſhment:
But now they'r yours agen, and I muſt loſe
Two of the beſt Companions in the World;
All bleſſing from the kind and bounteous Heav'ns,
Fall on their heads like Dew, for they are worthy
To inlay Heaven like Stars.
Cymb. Welcome, welcome,
Ye Pillars of my Age.—O my *Eugenia*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a Kingdom!
Eugen. No, my Lord,
I have got two Worlds by it.
Cymb. I'le have no ſadneſs now, this is a day of Joy; [*Priſoners freed.*
The Priſ'ners ſhall be freed, our Enemies pardon'd,
The Streets of *Ludds*-Town ſhall with Bonfires ſhine,
And all the Temples ſmeak with Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, ſo I hold thee ever. [*Embraces* Bell.
Pallad. Our Actions, Royal Sir, ſhall ſtill declare,
We will not ſhame our Births.
Arvir. Tho' bred up in a Cave,
Our Thoughts were high as Palaces, and our Souls
Soar'd ſtill above our level: For our Valours,
Let 'em be try'd, and if we flinch in Battel,
Then let ſome Hero of the bloody Field
Defame and call us Slaves, not Sons to *Cymbeline*.
Cymb. You are my Nerves, my Sinews, and my Age
Is firmer now than Youth. Valiant *Urſaces*,
Thou too art of our Blood, and by *Eugenia*
Claim'ſt a full part: But O beware of Jealouſie,
That worſt of Paſſions, cheriſh'd by the blood,
And nouriſh'd by deſtruction! For what's paſt,
Let it be all forgotten.—Love *Eugenia*;
The Gods have link'd your Deſtinies together,
Then now receive her from a Father's hand.

Urſa.

Ursa. How like the Accent of ſome pitying God?
The King then ſpoke:
I ſwear you have outdone the Deities,
Giv'n me the brighteſt Jewel of Perfection.
O my fair Love! Was ever Joy like mine?
Did ever Raptures touch a Heart ſo nearly,
Or ſhoot with ſo much fierceneſs through the Soul?
The exceſs on't is ſo great, ſure it will kill me.
Thus as ſome wounded Hero,
That where moſt danger was, preſs'd forward ſtill,
At laſt his Life owes to Phyſicians skill:
So Love, the bleſs'd Phyſician of the Mind,
Heals all my Griefs, immortal Joys I find,
And Heaven on Earth, whilſt my *Eugenia*'s kind.

EPI-

THE EPILOGUE.

Our next new Play, if this Mode hold in vogue,
Shall be half Prologue, and half Epilogue.
The way to please you is easie if we knew't,
A Jigg, a Song, a Rhyme or two will do't,
When you're i'th' vein: and sometimes a good Play
Strangely miscarries, and is thrown away.
That this is such our Poet dares not think,
For what displeases you's a waste of Ink:
Besides this Play was writ nine years ago,
And how Times alter, Ladies you best know,
Many then, fair and courted, I dare say,
Are hooted out of Fashion, as our Play.
Besides if you'd consider't well, you'd find,
You've altered since ten thousand times, your mind;
And if your humours do so often vary,
These in our Comedy must need miscarry;
For as you change, each Poet moves his Pen,
They take from you the Characters of Men.
The Wit they write, the Valour, and the Love,
Are all but Copies, of what you approve,
Our's follow'd the same Rule, but does confess,
The love and humour of that season less.
And every Artist knows that Copies fall,
For th' most part, short of their Original.

FINIS.